Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

J. H. Vincent, Editor. | [Vol. II, No. 7.] NEW YORK, JULY 17, 1886. [Whole No. 33.] | Phillips & Hunt, Publishers.

POLLY.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

LITTLE, laughing, blue-eyed Polly
Says she wants another dolly—
One that smiles, and coos, and crows,
With dimpled hands and "truly toes,"
One who'll know when she has kissed her—
In short, a little baby sister.

A neighbor just across the street
Has one that's very, very sweet;
And on the window every day
It taps in a bewitching way
With baby fingers, soft and warm,
That takes dear Polly's heart by storm.
She wonders if she cannot buy it,
And says with hope, "I'm going to try it."

She lays her treasures on a chair
And counts them o'er and o'er with care:
A string of buttons—very nice,
But she's afraid not worth the price
The baby is—some picture-books
A little shabby in their looks,
A doll (the picture of despair),
And wardrobe much the worse for wear.

Across her brow a wrinkle slips,
A pucker fastens on her lips;
She ponders well in deepest thought
Of how the baby can be bought;
But all at once she smiles, for may be
Two little cats are worth one baby.

Her frisky kittens, Pink and Peep,
Are cuddled close and sound asleep;
She takes them with a hurried sigh
And kisses them a last good-bye,
And then she goes with flying feet
To try their fate across the street.

With longing eyes and gentle tone
She shyly makes her errand known:
"Please will you sell the baby cheap
For both my kittens, Pink and Peep?"

The baby's mother looks amused,
But says that she must be excused.
The baby laughs, and jumps, and crows,
Pulls Polly's hair and pats her nose
Until her eyes with tears are wet,
Though half with pain and half regret;
Then "loves" her—"loves" the kittens too—
And Polly's heart ensnares anew.

When, by and by, she hears mamma
Call, "Polly, run to meet papa!"
She takes her kittens on her arm,
But notices with quick alarm
A quiver on the baby's lip,
And down she lets the kittens slip.
Again she goes with flying feet,
But *empty hands*, across the street.

Dear Polly, such a loving heart
Will always choose the better part;
What's given with willing sacrifice
Love raises to a kingly price.
Long life be yours the world to bless
With acts of sweet unselfishness!

FRECKLES O'REILLY AND THE PRETTY YOUNG LADY.

BY FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

In Two Parts.—Part I.

IT was an unusually cold morning, even for January, and as Freckles O'Reilly in his blue messenger uniform trotted from the district office in Broadway to answer a call in Tenth Street he deeply regretted that he had lost his mittens while stopping to play marbles the day before. He felt that it was a just punishment for stopping to play when he ought to have made haste to deliver the letter he was carrying, and he resolved that if he was ever tempted from the path of duty again he would be sure to put his mittens in his pockets before he began to roll marbles. Of course the small messenger's real name was not Freckles; and, though he is the hero of this story, I am obliged to admit that he was neither a very handsome nor a particularly good little boy. His real name was Edward, but his face was so covered with yellow freckles that if an artist had tried to paint only one more in among them he would not have found room for it; and therefore every body called him "Freckles," and he never objected to the name. When I say that he was not a particularly good little boy I do not mean that he was a very bad boy either. But he had not been as well brought up as some little boys and girls, because his parents lived in a tenement house and had so many children to train and so little time to train them in that there had not been enough good breeding, apparently, to go around. Therefore, when Freckles stopped to play on his way to deliver a message, and gentlemen scolded him for being late, he slammed their office doors as he went out; and if ladies threatened to take his number and report him at the office because he refused to wipe his feet on the door-mat, he was apt to make saucy replies. Nevertheless he was a kind-hearted boy, and if he did spend some of his money for cigarettes—which is a very wrong thing for a thirteen-year-old boy to do—he spent a great deal more for candies to carry home to his little brothers and sisters.

Freckles's hands were so cold when he reached the boarding-house from which the call had come that he could hardly ring the door-bell. He knew it was a boarding-house because he had called before with messages; and, as he remembered that the landlady was very cross to him the last time he was there, he took the trouble in spite of his cold hands to ring three times in rapid succession. The cross landlady opened the door herself.

"What do you mean by ringing that bell as if the house was on fire, you impudent little wretch?" she said. "Take off your cap and go up the back stairs to the third floor front room."

Now, Freckles O'Reilly would have had to be frozen stiff before the impudence was chilled out of him, and so he responded:

"The front stairs is good enough for me."

And up the front stairs he marched to the third floor, while the landlady screamed after him that she'd have him discharged from the telegraph company's employ that very afternoon, which delighted Freckles exceedingly.

When Freckles reached the third floor a young lady, whom he at once decided was about the prettiest young lady he had ever seen, met him. She seemed so very young and girlish that the messenger boy was surprised to learn that she was married by the landlady's screaming up stairs to her:

"Mrs. Winston, be sure and take that messenger's number, and be careful he don't steal any thing."

But the young lady made no effort to discover the number on the boy's hat.

"Why, you poor little man," she said, in what Freckles afterward declared was the softest and most musical voice he had ever heard, "you must be almost frozen to death; and no mittens this cold morning? Come right in here."

She led Freckles into the room, which did not have any fire in it, however; and after rummaging in a bureau drawer, she brought out a pair of thick blue worsted mittens with long, heavy wrists.

"There," she said, "you must put those right on. They were made for me long ago by a little girl in my mission Sunday-school class, and I've never worn them because I always preferred gloves. I knew they'd be useful sometime, though."

Freckles wished vaguely that he were able to thank the young lady in fitting and eloquent language; but as he couldn't he only said:

"Much 'bliged, lady," and hung his head sheepishly.

"I've got a letter I want you to take over to Brooklyn," the young lady said next, and she was just about handing it to him when she suddenly added: "O, I must add a postscript. Just sit down for a moment, little boy."

Freckles was not often asked to sit down by people who sent him on errands, and as he took a seat on the outmost edge of a rocking-chair, he wondered why every body was not as kind and pleasant as the pretty young lady. The young lady herself sat down at a table and took up a pen, but before she tore open the envelope and wrote the postscript she thought a long while and seemed not to know exactly what to write. The messenger boy noticed that her face had a strange, mournful, and troubled expression; and when she finally began to write he caught sight of two big tears falling on the paper. Freckles almost cried, too, and wondered why it was that he should feel like crying when there was nothing the matter with him; but he said to himself that he'd rather have his ears boxed as they had been the day before by a policeman who caught him tipping over an ash-barrel, than to see the pretty young lady cry. He noticed, too, that the room was very cold without a fire, and that the young lady shivered in spite of the blue shawl she wore over her shoulders; but he couldn't make himself believe that a young lady who dressed so nicely and had so many pretty things in her room might not have a fire if she wanted it.

It took so long to write the postscript that before it was finished there came a very imperious knock at the door, whereupon the young lady looked very much frightened, and said, faintly,

"Come in."

The door opened at once, and the cross landlady entered. She did not notice Freckles sitting on the opposite side of the room, but said to the young lady in a hard voice,

"Well!"

"O Mrs. Higgins," the young lady began. "I am very, very sorry; but I really haven't any thing to give you to-day. Perhaps to-morrow—"

"To-morrow!" broke in the landlady, harshly. "How many times have you been telling me 'to-morrow' in the last two weeks! But it's just as I told you yesterday. You're behind two weeks to-day, and you sha'n't begin another week. If you can't pay me by one o'clock this afternoon you must leave the house."

"But I—I haven't any—any place to go," faltered the pretty young lady.

"Well, that's none of my lookout," retorted the landlady. "I'll give you until one o'clock this afternoon, and not a minute longer." And she flung herself out of the room without having noticed Freckles at all.

The young lady seemed to have forgotten that the messenger was in the room, too, for she leaned her head upon her arms, and he could tell by the heaving of her bosom that she was weeping. Freckles didn't exactly know what to do. It tried his sternest resolution not to cry himself, and yet he felt that the young lady would not like to have him watch her cry, some way, and so he coughed. At this she suddenly looked up, turned very red, and saying, "Excuse me, little boy, for keeping you waiting," she finished the postscript.

Then she addressed another envelope and sealed the letter up inside, and when she paid for sending it Freckles noticed that there were only a few coins left in her purse. He wished that he could take the letter over to Brooklyn for nothing, but he knew the company would accuse him of having stolen the money if he did not bring the right amount back to the office, and so he reluctantly put it in his pocket.

"Will you hurry as fast as you can?" was the pretty young lady's parting injunction.

And Freckles did hurry. He felt that perhaps the message would bring relief before one o'clock, and he resisted all temptation to loiter on the way, even denying himself the treat of following up a policeman whom he met leading a drunken man to the station-house. The letter was addressed to Mrs. Roger C. Bedford in Clinton Avenue, and when the messenger boy reached the place he found that the house was a very fine one, set back on a lawn with big trees before it. Just as he was about to ring the bell the door was opened by a middle-aged gentleman, who was on his way out attired snugly in fur great-coat, fur cap, and big fur gloves.

"Who's that message for, boy?" he asked.

"For Mrs. Roger C. Bedford," replied Freckles, reading the superscription.

The gentleman took the letter, and when he glanced at the hand-writing on the envelope, hard lines came into his face. He hesitated a moment and then tore the envelope open.

"It's for *Mrs.* Roger C. Bedford," Freckles ventured to suggest.

"Hold your tongue, you impudent little rascal," roared the gentleman with a frown that made the messenger boy tremble.

The gentleman with the fur coat read the letter through, postscript and all. Then he stepped back into the hall, took a gold pencil that was attached to his watch-chain from his pocket, wrote a few words on the margin of the letter, and put it into the torn envelope.

"There," he said to Freckles, "just take that back where you got it from."

Just then a sweet-faced woman came into the hall, and from the resemblance to the pretty young lady in the Tenth Street boarding-house, Freckles at once concluded that it was her mother.

"What's the matter, Roger?" she asked of the gentleman in the fur coat.

"Nothing," retorted the gentleman, sharply, and slammed the door in Freckles's face.

The messenger boy was sure then that in the letter the pretty young lady in New York had asked assistance of her parents, and he knew that that assistance had been refused.

He felt, however, that if the mother had read the letter the result would have been different. Therefore Freckles loitered about in the cold street, despite the freezing air that nipped his toes and ears, for an hour, waiting for the gentleman to come out of the house and go away so that he might take the letter to the lady. He knew that he would be fined at his office for being late, but he would have run much greater risk than that for the sake of the pretty young lady who was so unhappy herself, and yet had been so kind to him. But finally Freckles heard a score of factory whistles announce that noon had arrived; and as the harsh gentleman had not yet left the house he determined to run over to Tenth Street, which he would be just about able to accomplish by one o'clock, and inform the pretty young lady that her mother had not seen the letter, and offer to take it back to Brooklyn again:

When he reached the boarding-house and rang the bell the cross landlady followed him right up stairs. The pretty young lady was waiting with so much anxiety in her tired face that Freckles felt that he was doing a guilty deed in handing her the note, which he knew was cold and cruel from the manner of the harsh man when he wrote it. The young lady only read the penciled lines at the bottom of her own letter. Then she turned deathly pale, the letter dropped from her fingers, and she fell back upon the bed.

A HEROINE OF THE FLOOD.

BY ANNA R. HENDERSON.

I WOULD like to write the story of my heroine, for I think it is worth telling, though papa says he fears I am not old enough to tell any story in a proper manner, and he does not see exactly how I can call her a heroine; but that is what I named her long ago, and I've always thought it was so interesting about her that I wanted to write her adventures for other little girls to read.

As I am now fourteen years old, I am not a very small girl, but I was not nearly so large in 1884, and that is the time Heroine's story happened.

Well, my name is Bessie Byrne, and I live in a town in the broad Ohio valley, near the banks of the grand Ohio River. No one who lives in this valley can ever forget the great flood of 1884. Hundreds of wonderful tales could be told of the losses and sufferings of that time. My story is not one of the very remarkable ones, but it seemed interesting to me.

There had been deep snow on the ground for weeks, which is unusual in this climate. The old people said, "We shall have a big river when this melts." At last February came, and the rain began to fall. Day after day it poured down. Papa told us how the brooks in the hills were swelling and running into the Ohio, how the snow was melting in the far Alleghenies, and pouring down the mountains in torrents that swelled the mighty river. Day after day the heavy clouds hung over the land, and the cold showers came down till at last the river overflowed its banks, and spread far out over the lowlands.

What an excitement in our town as it came higher and higher in the streets, merchants moving their goods and families moving their furniture and carpets up stairs, people wading around their rooms in rubber boots, skiffs gliding up and down the streets, and the news coming hour after hour, "Still rising!"

Higher rose the flood, till it began to come into the second stories. That was the time of loss. Families piled their goods out of the second-story windows into skiffs, and crept out themselves, many hardly knowing where to go; worse yet, many a house went floating off down the broad stream, which now looked almost like a sea.

How thankful we were that our town was not on such low ground as some that were completely submerged; for we thought it was bad enough with us, as the lower part of the town was all in the flood, and the churches and school-houses on higher ground were filled with families, and hundreds of people opened their doors to let the homeless ones come in.

Now, our house is near the middle of the town, and the lower story was almost full of water, and the way we crowded into that second story was amusing, for papa and mamma asked some unfortunate neighbors to come in with us, and very glad they were to do so.

There was the Widow Green with her lame daughter Fannie. They had to slide her on a mattress out of the second-story window into the skiff. How glad they were to get shelter! And old Mrs. Free, who could not have gone very far in such chilly weather, and Mrs. Hanna with her three little children. It was nice to have that lovely cooing baby in the house all the time. We have not a very large family, only papa, mamma, Royal, and I. Mamma thought it was all dreadful. It was curious to see her help Bridget get dinner on the grate, while the butcher came to the window in a skiff.

Brother Royal whispered to me, "What if it is crowded, it's the biggest time we ever had, and if I dared to I'd say 'It's awfully jolly.'" It was a wonderful time; strange things were floating past all the while, great steamboats went up our streets, moving slowly so that the waves in and around the houses might not be much disturbed; and every day we would step from the window into a skiff, and go up and down the streets, "Just like Venice," Royal said.

Now I am going to change the scene, and you'll have to wonder for a little while before you know how I found out about the folks I will tell about now. Brenda Valdo is a little Swiss girl, not quite as old as I am, and her brother Herman is two years younger. If you could see them they would please you. Their eyes are very blue, and their faces fair and rosy, and they remember the Alps, and sing Swiss songs, and speak English with an accent at which it is hard to keep from smiling.

I had never seen them at the time of the flood. They lived on a small farm just above town. They brought vegetables and eggs to town every day in summer, and butter which they churned themselves from the milk of their beautiful cow, which was such a pet that they often brushed her to keep her clean and glossy.

But O the flood! When it came upon them they knew not what to do or where to go. Brenda and Herman watched the mighty river with tearful eyes. It carried away their father's hay and fodder, and came hourly nearer their dwelling. Their father tied the fowl-house to the barn with a stout rope, but the next morning, alas! the barn with their store of grain and the fowl-house with all their chickens were gone, and the water was all around their house. Men from the hills came to them in skiffs. They piled in a few of their household goods, got in themselves, and went back to the hills, where kind strangers took them in. Before they went away they led the cow to a small knoll, and left plenty of food for her.

The men said the water had never been so high as that, and their father could come to her every day. Still the children cried at leaving her there alone. More bitter still were the tears they shed the next day, for their father came back from a trip in the skiff with the news that their little farm was all under water, only the top of their home roof projecting above the flood, and their good cow was gone, had doubtless been drowned.

A whole week passed, while the waters gradually went down. Then they went back to their desolate home. Mud on the floor, mud on the walls, mud and dampness everywhere, and their most valuable possessions gone. With sad hearts they went to work to clean up, and begin home life again.

Now I am coming back to my own part of the story. One night, while we were in our flooded house, and the water was at its highest, we heard a strange noise.

"Some one in distress," cried mamma.

"It is a cow," said papa.

So he looked from a window, and there, sure enough, was

a cow swimming around the house, seeming almost exhausted and lowing piteously. We have stairs that go down on the back porch. Papa stood on the only step above water, and called, "Co, boss, co, boss," and the cow came swimming to him. She could not have gained a foot-hold if he had not taken her by the horns, and she was panting and tired; but I fairly screamed when I saw a great dripping cow come into the room with us.

"It's like buying an elephant," said mamma.

"I could not let her perish," answered papa, "perhaps she'll give us some milk for supper; it has been many a year since I lived on a farm, but I've never forgotten old Brindle and the milking-stool."

So we crowded folks had to crowd closer to make room for the cow. Papa tore open a straw mattress, and took a skiff-ride early next morning to buy corn and meal for her; and well did she repay us with great brimming pails of milk, which we all enjoyed, Royal and I more than any one else, except those babies of Mrs. Hanna's, who almost lived on it.

Well, the flood went down, and after a while things got cleaned up and we lived as we did before, but we still had the cow, for though papa advertised her, no one claimed her. She was so gentle that I petted her, and fed her from my hand, and she had a stall in the stable.

One day we were in the yard. Royal and I were learning to milk, and papa was watching our success. The back gate stood open. We heard a cry of surprise, then rapid talk in a strange language. A little boy and girl stood in the gate. The boy drew back, but the girl came in. She wore an odd dress. Her yellow hair hung in long braids down her back. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she said to papa in broken English,

"O sir, this is our cow, and we thought she was drowned." Then she put her arms round the cow's neck.

Papa questioned her, and she told him their story as I have told you. Papa went home with her, and I went too, for I begged papa to buy the cow if Mr. Valdo would sell her. Mr. Valdo said the money papa offered for her would buy another cow and many things besides. I wanted that cow and no other. So she is mine, and Brenda often comes to see us, and I take many of our friends to the stable to see my gentle pet, and I always introduce her as a Heroine of the Flood.

A RISING TIDE.

The west wind clears the morning,
The sea shines silvery gray;
The night was long, but fresh and strong
Awakes the breezy day;
Like smoke that flies across the lift,
The clouds are faint and thin;
And near and far along the bar
The tide comes creeping in.

The dreams of midnight showed me
A life of loneliness,
A stony shore than knew no more
The bright wave's soft caress;
The morning broke, the vision fled—
With dawn new hopes begin;
The light is sweet and at my feet
The tide comes rolling in.

Over the bar, black bowlders,
The ocean sweeps and swells;
O waters wide, ye come to hide
Dull stones and empty shells!
I hear the floods lift up their voice
With loud, triumphant din;
Sad dreams, depart; rest, doubting heart,
The tide comes foaming in!

—*Sarah Doudney.*

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER VII.

"What is this?" she asked, sternly, but there was no answer. Even Andrew Marsh looked like a whipped puppy, and Will, who was never very strong, began to cry.

Jack was sure now that they had been wrong; it had been a matter of doubt to him all the time, even when he enjoyed it most, and Miss Malvina's question fixed that doubt into certainty.

"Go to bed, all of you," she said, "I cannot deal with you now." And to bed they sneaked.

Jack tried to say his usual prayer after he had taken off his wet clothes and dried himself thoroughly, but he felt as if something stopped him. Willful sin comes between us and God always. All he could say was, as a child in its earliest knowledge of sin might say, "O I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" and tired as he was, it was long before he could sleep quietly.

But the morning brought nothing that the boys expected. When they met Miss Malvina the night before she was on her way to Paul Day, who had been seized with sudden illness; the doctor was sent for at once, and pronounced the disease malignant scarlet fever, and early the next day every boy was sent home, not even saying good-bye to Miss Malvina, who was in Paul's room.

"Hooray!" shouted Will Boyd, as the Hexham omnibus carried them all down to the station. "I thought we were in for it, didn't you, Andy?"

"Well, if I did I didn't blubber about it," returned Andy, with a look of scorn.

"Hooray for Polly Day!" shouted George Shepard, who saw Will flush darkly and scowl at Andy.

"I guess *he* wont hooray," said Jack, "it isn't all fun to have scarlet fever, now, I tell you!" And so the quarrel was diverted for the time.

When they were in the car, on their way to Danvers, Will said to Jack,

"Well, old fellow, aint you glad we got off scot-free?"

"I dunno," said Jack. "It seems sort of sneaky to get off this way, Will. I don't b'lieve we'd ought to have gone without leave."

"Sho! do you s'pose we did any hurt to any body? The old girl was mad because we got our clothes torn, I guess; but she wont stay mad till we get back."

"But it wasn't right!" persisted Jack. Will was struck with a sudden terror.

"Now don't you go home and tell, you ma-baby!" he said.

Jack wanted so to punch his head that it took all his courage to keep his fist down; he had to clutch it, but that did no harm.

"I'm not going to tell of *you!*" he said, very scornfully.

Will looked at him.

"But Aunt Manice will tell pa, if you tell her," he said.

"Do you think my mother's a sneak?" Jack answered, so hotly that several heads turned at the sound of his angry voice.

"Shut up!" said Will, and Jack returned to the consciousness that they were in a car full of passengers, and must not carry on a quarrel there.

Mrs. Manice saw at once when her boy reached home that something was wrong with him, but she said nothing till she went as usual to his room to bid him good-night; then as she sat down on the bedside she asked,

"What is it, Jack?"

He only drew her hand toward him, and she felt a slow hot

* Copyright, 1886, by Phillips & Hunt.

tear drop on it as he laid his cheek in her soft palm, and then, slowly and humbly, the story came out.

"Did you know, my boy, that Miss Malvina or her father would let you go out so at night?"

"No'm!"

"Did you find out for yourself that you might have that corn to roast?"

"No'm."

"Did you want to go very much?"

"Awfully, mother!"

"Then you see you did not try to find out whether it was wrong or not; you took the boys' word for it, and because you wanted it to be so, you tried to believe it was so. Now suppose you had wanted to go somewhere else? Would not you have made sure about its being wrong or right for you to go to the corn-roast?"

"Yes'm, I should," said Jack, honestly.

"Then you see the trouble was, you wanted to have a good time more than you wanted to do right. Sin always tries to seem right; it is sweet in the mouth always, the bitterness comes afterward. And did you really enjoy yourself, my Jack?"

"I did—some, but it didn't seem as jolly as I thought it would, and when the storm came I was scared out of my boots, mammy; but Miss Malvina's face scared me worse. I knew when I heard her say 'What is this?' that we had been real bad."

"Now if when the boys asked you to go you had either said 'No' to them, or said 'No' to yourself, you would have seen clearly that this excursion was wrong; you must deny yourself, Jack, even the pleasantest things, unless you are sure they are right, and it's a pretty safe rule to follow that when a thing is secret it is wrong."

Mrs. Manice said no more. She was not given to long sermons, but she went away from her boy with a thorn in her heart. Ought she to let him leave her just at this age, when he was beginning to learn evil?

And yet was it best for him to be always dependent on her for guidance? Would he have any strength of character if she was always at his elbow? She could only ask God to guide her, and try not to be anxious. And shortly after the matter was taken out of her hands.

Paul Day never recovered from his fever, and old Mr. Kent, who had never had the disease, took it from the boy, and after a brief illness died too.

Of course, this broke up the school. Miss Malvina went to live with an aged aunt, and the two Boyds were put into the graded public school in Danvers, so Manice had her boy again, and was glad.

Here, of course, Jack had his temptations. His quick temper and his disgust at the dishonesty and brutality of many of his school-mates got him into many a fight. It was hard for his mother to keep him restrained in these matters, for he could not believe it was wrong to knock down a boy for abusing his little brother, or for using such language as Jack had never even heard.

"He'll be ruined, utterly ruined!" Aunt Maria remarked, with bitter calmness. "Those public schools are sinks of iniquity, Manice. I would just as soon send the boy to a penitentiary!"

"And he'll catch all sorts of diseases, too," moaned Aunt Sally; "there's such poor children go there."

"But, aunty," said Manice, "he cannot go anywhere else just now. You know my means are limited, and Brother John has met with such losses he cannot send the boys away. And if he could, there are bad boys every-where. I remember what Christ said, 'I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.' That is what I ask for Jack."

"Well, the first you know he'll be using bad words just like the rest of 'em," said Aunt Maria, with a tone of conviction.

Manice answered nothing. But as she went out of the half-shut door, and closed it behind her, she found Mimy taking out into the kitchen the basin with which she had just washed the oil-cloth in the hall. Manice followed her to see about the dinner.

"I never see the beat on 't!" growled Mimy, putting down the basin with a slam. "They'd like to make that boy just like a p'tater sprout, growin' up in a sullar. I don't take to boys a mite, gener'lly speakin'; they're a dispensation. But I do set by Jack a lot, and I hate to hev him forever an' ever nagged by folks that hasn't no right to nag him, nor to nag you neither, when all's said and done;" and the cold gray eye warmed and shone on Manice with an expression as deep as it was voiceless of the honest affection underlying her rough words.

Manice smiled.

"You and I may be old some day, Mimy, and may be we shall not always be silent when we're not pleased."

"Well, I aint real dumb now, but I guess you wont never get to tewin round the way they does; 'taint in ye! Laud! they think the' aint nothin' good can come out o' Nazareth, now, don't they? I guess He was common folks like them young ones to school—a carpenter's boy, Scripter says; and they wouldn't no more ha' looked at him, ef so be they'd ha' been born in them days, than nothin', I don't b'lieve!"

"O, Mimy!"

"I know I'm kind of cantankerous, but I hate to hear folks talk as though they was the top o' the heap an' all the rest nubbins! There's good folks that's poor, and there's good folks that's rich; and the Lord knows it, if Miss Mari' don't."

"Yes, Mimy, that is the comfort. The Lord knows and we don't; we can only work under and with him to his ends, and what we know not now we shall know hereafter."

"That's so!" was Mimy's hearty amen.

In a certain way Aunt Maria was right. Jack was exposed to some influences that never would have touched him in a private school. He heard words every day that he never heard before, and as time wore on they ceased to be shocking or startling to him. The class of boys who went to the public school were some of them used to hear profanity from their very infancy. They did not even guess it was improper. As one of them explained to another in Jack's hearing,

"What did teacher want to blow about me swearin' for? 'Taint no harm to swear; father does, and Joe, and all the fellers. Don't mean nothin', only kinder slams the talk down!"

He knew no better, but Jack did; and to Manice's utter horror she heard her boy, who was nailing up a shelf in the wood-house, and suddenly hammered his finger instead of the nail, burst out with an oath.

Manice's heart seemed to stop.

"Jack!" she exclaimed.

Jack threw down his hammer and colored hotly. His mother's face hurt him.

"Mammy, I didn't think. I didn't mean to. I hear the fellows say it all the time, and I s'pose it got into my head and slipped out of itself."

Jack was honest. It was just so. The reiteration of the phrase had stamped it on his brain, and the momentary pain brought out an ejaculation with which he had become too familiar.

Manice recognized his honesty.

"It is what I was afraid of in the big school," she said, sadly. "But O, Jack, must *my* boy 'go with the multitude to do evil?'"

"It is too bad!" owned Jack. "I will try, mother. I didn't mean it."

"Take a text, Jack, to help you. Here it is, 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.' You need some higher help than mine to help you remember."

"I b'lieve mother thinks a text would help a feller cut a tree down," Jack declared to Mimy next day.

PACIFIC SCHOOL

"'Twouldn't hinder him none," was the dry rejoinder.

But whatever was the reason Jack did shut his lips many a time over some idle or profane expletive thereafter, remembering the look on his mother's face.

There came a very pleasant Saturday in the next autumn, when Will Boyd coaxed his father to let him take his business wagon, and spare the coachman for an afternoon's drive with certain of the boy's friends, Jack included.

Jack and Will were better friends now, for they were in separate rooms—Jack's diligence in study having promoted him to a higher grade than Will.

The day was lovely, and the boys were supplied with peanuts, and by the road-side every-where lay apples to be had for the gathering, for it was one of those wonderful years when every twig blooms, and every blossom seems to fruit. Piles of yellow, red, and russet apples made the fields gay, and the woods repeated the gorgeous colors till, but for the soft veiling haze of October, the earth would have been too dazzling a spectacle to endure.

Such shouting and singing and joking could only have been called from the hearts and throats of boys, and the pair of steady old horses that Patrick drove must have wondered what they heard behind them, for now and then they gave a start and a caper, out of sympathy, perhaps, but the boys thought out of terror, and, of course, redoubled their noise.

After an hour or so Patrick stopped to water the horses beside a large barn, and one of the boys got out to loosen the check-reins, and in doing so caught sight of a cider-press.

"Hullo!" he shouted, "we're in luck, you fellers. Here's a cider-mill in full blast. Let's see if we can have a straw apiece."

The red-faced old farmer who owned the mill grinned consentingly, and the six boys soon clustered around the press.

"Is it cider?" asked Jack, for he knew his mother had forbidden that.

"Law, no!" chuckled the farmer, "'taint no more cider 'n a egg's a hen; 'tis apple juice. You've eet a pint ov't to-day, I'll bet. Now you can drink a lot."

So Jack addressed himself to a straw. But whether he inherited that fatal weakness of brain which had ruined his father, or whether the inheritance of a craving taste made him drink the sweet fluid to his fullest capacity, one thing is sure, that in half an hour his face was blazing, his eyes heavy, his speech thick; and at last he fell over against the boy next him, and when they returned to Danvers he was lifted out by Patrick and carried into his mother's house in a drunken sleep. Poor Manice!

[*To be continued.*]

THE WONDERS OF BRIDGE BUILDING.

BY WILL M. CLEMENS.

THE children of to-day possess a knowledge of wonderful bridges, beginning and ending with the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, or the great Brooklyn Bridge, stretching across the river between the cities of New York and Brooklyn. Some of the older children perhaps have heard of the famous London Bridge, while there may be others who have read of still more wonderful and successful attempts at bridge building.

In Switzerland near the town of Schaffhausen, the river Rhine is extremely rapid, and in former times the force of the waters destroyed several bridges of stone, built upon arches of the strongest construction. At length, a poor carpenter living in the neighboring town of Appenzel offered to build a wooden bridge of a single arch across the river which would be in the power of no river or other stream to sweep away. The magistrates of Schaffhausen, however, insisted that the bridge should consist of two arches, and that the carpenter should make use, for that purpose, of the middle pier of the old bridge, which remained entire. Accordingly, the carpenter was obliged to obey, but he contrived it in such a way that the bridge is not supported at all by the middle pier. The bridge is built of wood, the sides and tops are covered, and the road over it is almost perfectly level. The Germans call it a *haenge-werk*, or hanging bridge. The road is not carried over the top of the arch, but is let down in the middle of it, and there suspended. A man of the slightest weight walking upon the bridge feels it tremble under him, yet wagons heavily laden pass over it without danger, and although in the latter instance the bridge seems to crack with pressure, the bridge does not appear to have suffered the least damage during the many years it has been in use. It has been compared to a tight rope which trembles when it is struck, but still retains its firm and equal tension. This wonderful bridge is 364 feet long. The architect was a common carpenter, without the least proficiency in learning, totally ignorant of mathematics, and not at all versed in the theory of mechanics. The name of this extraordinary man was Ulrick Grubenman, an obscure, drunken fellow. Possessed of uncommon natural abilities, and a surprising turn for the practical part of mechanics, he raised himself to great eminence in his profession, and may be justly considered as one of the most ingenious architects of the past century. The bridge was finished in three years and cost 90,000 florins, or about $30,000.

In this country, near Philadelphia, there is a wire bridge of singular strength and lightness. For although it extends over a space of nearly 400 feet, and is strong enough to bear almost any number of persons, yet the whole weight of the bridge does not amount to over 4,700 pounds. The wire weighed 1,314 pounds, and the wood-work 3,380 pounds. Eight pounds of nails were all that were required in building this bridge. The cost was not over $300, and four good workmen could build a similar bridge in two months' time.

Near the city of Seville, in Spain, there are two very remarkable bridges over the river Guadiaro. The city of Seville is placed on a rock, with cliffs, either perpendicular and abrupt toward the river, or with broken crags, whose jutting prominences have been planted with orange and fig trees. A fissure in this nook, of great depth, surrounds the city on three sides, and at the bottom of the fissure the river rushes along with impetuous rapidity.

Two remarkable bridges are constructed over the fissure. The first is a single arch, resting upon the rocks on the two sides. The height from the water is 120 feet. The river descends from this to the second bridge, while the rocks on each side naturally increase in height. The distance from this second bridge to the water is 280 feet. The manner of constructing this bridge is no less surprising than the situation in which it is placed. It is a single arch of 110 feet in diameter, and is supported by solid pillars of masonry, built from the bottom of the river, about fifteen feet in thickness, which are fixed into the solid rock on both sides, and upon which the ends of the arch rest. Other pillars are built to support these principal ones, which are connected with them by other small arches.

An old traveler says it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of this wonderful bridge. "From below it appears suspended in the air; and when upon the bridge the river beneath appears no longer a mighty torrent, but resembles a rippling brook. When standing upon the bridge the optical illusion is very singular. The torrent of water appears to run up a hill toward the bridge.

In South America there is a remarkable bridge constructed of ropes. It is called the Penipe, and crosses the river Chambo in Peru. The bridge is suspended over a ravine about 8,000 feet above the level of the ocean. It is about 120 feet long and seven or eight feet in width. Travelers speak of the danger of passing over these rope bridges, which look like ribbons suspended in the air. Some years ago the Penipe bridge broke down, and four Indians who were passing at the time were drowned.

Several of the bridges in China are very ingeniously constructed, and as works of art can scarcely be equaled in Europe or America. The most remarkable of these bridges was known as the Flying Bridge. It was built over a river between two mountains, and consisted only of a single arch 500 cubits high and 400 long. Another remarkable bridge was located in Shansi, at the conflux of two large rivers. It consisted of 130 barges chained together, but so contrived as to open and admit vessels to pass through. This sort of bridge is very common in China. The Chinese also build bridges without any arches. Some of these are of great length and breadth, particularly one in the province of Fo-kien, which is 360 perches in length. It is built of white stone supported by 300 pillars, and at certain distances apart is adorned with figures of lions and other animals. The chain suspension bridge has long been known in China. In the province of Kori-cheon there is a bridge called the Iron Bridge, which consists of chains of iron reaching over the river. On each bank are raised two massive piles of masonry, to which are fastened chains that cross to the opposite side, and upon these are laid broad planks.

Near Aberdeen, in Scotland, is built the famous Brig o' Balgownie, which is a bridge of a single arch. It was built in the thirteenth century, in the time of Robert Bruce. The single arch is of gray stone and is apparently cut from the solid rock. Another famous bridge in Scotland is the Brig o' Doon, across the river Doon, near the town of Ayr, and which is spoken of in the poetry of Robert Burns. In Wales there is a wonderful iron tubular bridge across Menai Strait, which separates the island of Anglesea from Carnarvon, Wales. The bridge consists of two lines of tubes, each 1,513 feet long, supported on three piers, 100 feet above the sea. About a mile distant is the famous Menai suspension bridge, which cost a million of dollars.

Perhaps the most singular bridge in Great Britain is that over the river Taff, near Llantrissent, in Glamorganshire, called in Welsh *Pont y ty Pridd*. The bridge was built by William Edwards, an uneducated mason. In 1746 he engaged to build a new bridge at this place, which he executed in a manner superior to any thing of the kind in Wales.

It consisted of three arches, very light in construction. Unfortunately a great flood occurred, when a large quantity of timber drifted down against the bridge. In consequence of this obstruction a strong dam was formed. The water rose and the force of its pressure carried the bridge away.

William Edwards had given security for the stability of the bridge for seven years, and it stood only two years and a half. He was obliged, therefore, to erect another bridge, and he proceeded on his duty with all possible speed.

The second bridge was of one arch for the purpose of admitting under it whatever the floods might bring down. The arch was finished, but the severe strain caused it to spring in the center, and the bridge was destroyed a second time. Edwards again went to work and built a third bridge, which has stood since 1761. The arch is 140 feet in length, and the width is about 11 feet.

The Southwark Bridge in England was known as the bridge of giants. It was the first bridge ever constructed where cast-iron in large masses was used instead of stone. The Westminster, Waterloo, Blackfriars, and London bridges were equally noted.

TIME.

BY MARION MANVILLE.

Time is a chimney-sweep, who scrapes the soot
Where once the fire has been; and he prepares
The chimneys of the years for coming days,
And other fires, which may re-kindle flame
Within the places where our lives were lights
Which vanished, and whose ashes but remain.

TAMING A GONDOLA.

BY HARRY MANDEVILLE.

We arrived in Venice about sunset, and the entire city seemed to be ablaze with gold and red. The fellow who removed our baggage from the cars had evidently been waiting for us, and began to display his English immediately.

"Hullo! Yooze Americans?" he exclaimed, effusively, as he grabbed two satchels in one hand and the shawl-strap and umbrellas in the other. "Yes, yooze Americans, I knew so, I *like* Americans. You boze from New York?" (high inflection.)

We couldn't help feeling annoyed to find that after six months abroad we carried the stars and stripes so plainly marked in our faces that even the railroad hands recognized them. Then we entered a gondola for the first time. One of us climbed into the little kennel and held on with both hands, momentarily expecting a ship-wreck, while the other of us stood up in front and talked with the porter of the hotel. He was an amiable maniac, that porter, knew just enough English to be strictly unintelligible; but he had an enlarged notion of what sort of goods Americans could be induced to buy. It is only twenty minutes' ride from the station to the hotel, but in that brief time he had recommended a guide, arranged for a visit to a glass factory, assured us of the honor of an introduction to a prominent mosaic maker who was an intimate friend of his, and then, to cap the climax, he tried to sell us a dog for twenty-five francs. And such a poor, unhappy, contracted pattern of a dog it was, too! Had I not seen it and handled it, I should find difficulty in believing that so small a dog existed. By a happy inspiration it was named "Pinch," and was sheared with a mane and tufted tail, exactly like the Lion of St. Mark's. The porter took it out of his pocket and put it down in the boat, much as one would handle a mechanical toy. We almost expected to see him wind it up with a key. He was certain it would be of immense service to us for the very reason that it was so small—just the proper size for a tourist's dog. "No inconvenience, you see, carry it right in your overcoat pocket!" We found afterward that "Pinch" was regularly offered to incoming guests, and had been started on the market at fifty francs. We always knew that the Venetians had an eye to business, but this was a most unexpected example of thrift.

I wish I could do justice to a Venetian gondola. Most people know how a gondola looks, but few people know how a gondola *feels*. It is very long, narrow, graceful, always painted black, and doesn't look any more like a hearse than a canal-boat looks like a phaeton. I never could understand the parallel which people continually draw between a gondola and a hearse. There is nothing sepulchral about a gondola; on the contrary, it is one of the most playful things in the world, playful as possible. People always find that out who try to manage one. The gondolier stands on a deck at the stern and propels the craft with a single heavy oar, the rowlock being a low notched post. It is simply wonderful to see how he'll steer the thing through the narrow canals, turning the sharpest corners without so much as grazing the paint. Occasionally it happens that three or four gondolas will become entangled in one narrow place, and if they do not extricate themselves, very presently the most lively and cordial interchange of compliments takes place. The Venetian gondolier is always particularly frank and open in expressing his opinion of a neighbor.

It's fun to watch a man rowing a gondola for the first time. Almost every body tries it once, but it takes so long to dry one's clothes afterward that few people are sufficiently interested to repeat the experiment. For that reason it would be better, perhaps, to learn in a bathing-suit. A man needs solitude and plenty of room when he is learning, exactly as when he puts on roller-skates for the first time, or tries to climb the outer edge of a bicycle.

Graves, the artist member of our party, had painted from

early dawn until the sun was "plumb" on the meridian, and then he threw down his brush and declared his intention of becoming a gay gondolier. We all encouraged him, assured him of our unbounded confidence in his powers, and assembled on the hotel piazza to see the exhibition. Graves had watched Pietro run that gondola so many times that he was sure he knew exactly how it ought to be done. He untied, pushed out into the very center of the Grand Canal, stepped carefully on the little rear deck and adjusted his oar. But the oar acted foolish. It wouldn't stay in the notch. It never does with a beginner, for it is tremendously heavy. Graves tried it again and again, but it kept dropping out and finally struck against his legs, and the big end floated away. But he clung to the *handle* end, stepped over it to keep from being knocked into the water, and then pulled the "horrid great beam" in. He tried again and jammed the oar so hard against the post that it stayed this time out of meanness, then he began to push. But that gondola hadn't the slightest idea of a progressive motion or any thing approximating thereto. It merely turned round and round, like a kitten after her tail. The harder Graves pushed, the faster it rotated. We all liked this better than he did. We knew that he was appealing for help to some supernatural agency by the expression of his face. Graves always had that constrained look when any thing disturbed him. By this time a host of sympathizing gondolas had gathered around and traffic was considerably interrupted. Matters began to look serious. It was more exciting than a boat race, or a picnic, or a sociable, or a Monday dinner. Two of the ugly steamers which ply on the Grand Canal approached from opposite directions and began to whistle Graves to get out of the way. You might as well have tried to move Plymouth Rock by whistling to it. Graves was a free-born American citizen, "free as air," he said. He was out there for the express purpose of learning to row a gondola, and he proposed to learn. To what end had he received an expensive education at Harvard if he was to be balked thus in the very beginning of his career. The steamers screamed, the pilots exhausted their choicest Italian, and then the end came just as we knew it would. Graves got the handle of the oar between his legs again—and when we helped him out of the water, he was all cold and dripping and cross. He painted in his ulster all the next day while his every-day clothes were being dried and cleaned.

Moored in front of the hotel-steps, a gondola becomes an ideal lounging place. Many an hour have we spent there with a good book, reclining on the soft cushions, blue sky overhead, plenty of sunshine, while from his cage in the open window, Picinino, the canary bird, sang madly his delight with the surroundings. And those were days in February, when every paper from home brought news of frightful snow-storms, cold, and cloud. It was difficult to realize that we were at a latitude higher than Montreal and the weather too warm for spring overcoats.

A ROGUE'S HONOR.

No American had a clearer conception of the business uses of honesty than Benjamin Franklin, and his recently published letters are as interesting as his autobiography in their display of sterling common sense. He wrote the following letter from France at a time when the newly liberated colonies talked of repudiation:

PASSY, Dec. 26, 1783.

Dear Sir: I have received your favor of the 16th October, and am much obliged by the intelligence it contains. I am happy to hear that your government has agreed to furnish Congress with the means of discharging the national debt. The obstruction that measure met with in some of the States has had very mischievous effects on this side the water; it discouraged the loan going on in Holland, and thereby occasioned a protest of some of Mr. Morris's Bills. Nothing can recover our credit in Europe and our reputation in its courts but an immediate proof of our honesty and prudence by a general provision in all the States for the punctual payment of the interest and the final regular discharge of the principal. I hope we shall never deserve, nor any longer appear likely to deserve, the reproof given to an enthusiastical knave in Pennsylvania, who, being called upon for an old debt, said to his creditor, "Thou must have a little more patience. I am not able yet to pay thee." "Give me then your bond," says the creditor, "and pay me interest. "No, I cannot do that; I cannot in conscience either receive or pay interest, it is against my principle." "You have the conscience of a rogue," says the creditor; "you tell me it is against your principle to pay interest; and it being against your interest to pay the principal, I perceive you do not intend to pay me either one or t'other."

TOM CORWIN'S BISCUITS.

TOM CORWIN, working on a farm till he was twenty, and self-educated, was one of the most remarkable orators of the country. For many years he represented Ohio in Congress, and was in 1853 the Secretary of the Treasury. His wit helped to make him famous:

It was seldom Corwin made any enemies, especially in his own party. On one occasion, however, he changed one of his warmest admirers into a rampant Democrat with a bit of sarcasm. It was in the campaign of '42. He spoke in Lancaster, and stopped at the principal hotel, kept by a Whig.

When Corwin was about to leave for the next town, the landlord was all smiles and good wishes, and said,

"Mr. Corwin, if there is any thing I can do to aid you in defeating Wilson Shannon you have only to mention it."

"That's very generous," said Corwin.

"But I mean it," said Boniface. "Only tell me what I can do, and I will do it."

"There is one thing you can do," replied Corwin, "but I dislike to refer to so delicate a matter."

"Out with it, Mr. Corwin; out with it. I'll do any thing for the cause. Only mention it, that's all."

"Well, Mr. Landlord, I'll tell you what you can do to defeat Mr. Shannon. He speaks here next Thursday, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Manage some way to get him to stop at your hotel—"

"O, the arrangement has already been made. He will stay with me all night."

"And then feed him on the same kind of biscuits we had this morning. Get a half-dozen of them into Shannon and he will weigh so much that he can't run at all."

Corwin whipped up his horses and was off, but the landlord had undergone a political transformation. From a Whig he changed to a Democrat, and was "ferninst" Tom Corwin for the rest of his life.

JOHNS HOPKINS'S CONSCIENCE.

The "Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle" tells the following stories of Johns Hopkins, who gave seven million dollars to build his university and hospital at Baltimore:

An uncanny old tramp used to station himself under a giant oak that stood sentry by the lodge of "Clifton." This made Mr. Hopkins nervous, and became a mortal offense. He told one of his nephews of it, and said he did not know how to abate the nuisance.

"Why not pay him, uncle, and send him away?" queried the young man.

"Pay him money!" Mr. Hopkins shrieked, while his long arms flew about like wind-mills. "Pay him money! God forbid! When I do that there will be a hundred vagabonds here instead of one!"

"Well, then," added the nephew, "if I were you, Uncle Johns, I would kick him out."

"I cannot do that," the old man pleaded. "I am afraid!"

"What!" the nephew retorted, "are you afraid of such a cur as that?"

"No, no!" Mr. Hopkins whispered, hoarsely, "I am not afraid of him, but afraid of God. Did you never read in the Bible how Dives treated Lazarus? Would you have me repeat that story and burn in hell forever?"

That ended it.

On one of the last days of his earthly existence Mr. Hopkins called his devoted gardener to him and said,

"I am beginning to hate this place because it does not bring in money. I hate every thing that does not bring in money. Did you ever feed hogs? Have you not observed that the strong animals bear away the ears of corn and that the weaker ones pursue them squealingly, in hopes that all or some of the treasure will be lost or dropped?"

The gardener replied that the sketch was a true one.

"Well, then," said Mr. Hopkins, "I am that strong hog. I have that big ear of corn, and every piggish rascal in Baltimore is intent upon stealing it or wresting it from me! Sir," he said, turning brusquely to the gardener, "do you think a very rich man is happy?"

The gardener answered,

"The extreme of poverty is a sad thing. The extreme of wealth, no doubt, bears with it many tribulations."

Mr. Hopkins rejoined,

"You are right, my friend; next to the hell of being utterly bereft of money is the purgatory of possessing a vast amount of it. I have a mission, and under its shadow I have accumulated wealth, but not happiness."

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

THE whole country feels a degree of interest and pride in the great bridge which swings across the East River between New York and Brooklyn. There is nothing like it in Europe, and Mr. Froude, the historian, who has no great love for us as a people, says that he cannot look upon this wonderful structure without admiring the skill and energy of the Americans who reared it. A few weeks ago the bridge officials decided to ascertain the amount of business transacted on the bridge in twenty-four hours. The gatemen were instructed to count the tickets at the end of each hour of May 25. Some of the results are given below:

The total number of passengers of all descriptions was 78,964: of these 37,513 came from New York, and 41,451 from Brooklyn; 7,839 crossed on foot, 888 in carriages, and 70,237 by the cable railroad. The revenue from all departments of the bridge was as follows: Promenade, $41 04; carriage-way, $237 99; railroad, $1,843 71—total, $2,122 74.

The hours of heaviest travel from New York were the two from five to seven P. M., and from Brooklyn the two from five to seven A. M. The lightest travel was from New York in the hour from three to four A. M., total, 93, and from Brooklyn from one to two A. M., total, 104.

The tolls are as follows: Railroad tickets, three cents each, or, in packages of ten, twenty-five cents. On the carriage-way the charge for a single team is five cents, double team ten cents, led horse three cents, and one cent apiece for extra passengers. Foot passenger either buy a package of twenty-five tickets for five cents, or pay one cent each single fare.

BUMPING THROUGH.

THE following interesting incident comes from the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. The "Buffalo Commercial" tells the story which is more creditable to the ingenuity than to the honesty of the chief actors:

In the third class is a cadet who is the smallest man in the academy, being one fourth inch under five feet in height. He attempted to enter in 1882, but was thrown out on account of his being undersized. Returning home he found that his Congressman had ordered a competitive examination to fill his place. Nothing daunted he entered for the prize with nineteeen others, and came out a good first. This time he was admitted to the academy, conditional upon his growing the one fourth inch within a year. In May, 1885, he was tried and found wanting, but given another year to stretch himself in. The night before this year's physical examination, he was sitting in his quarters feeling rather downhearted, as he could not be induced to grow. Suddenly, his room-mate was seized with an idea, which he proceeded to carry into execution. With the aid of a broom-handle he raised several bumps upon his friend's head, and in the morning the dignified doctors were astonished to find that the "midget" had no difficulty in passing the five-foot limit.

PRECOCIOUS BOYS.

THE list of infant prodigies is a long one, extending from Hercules, who displayed his baby muscle by throttling serpents, to the little fellow whom you all know as the smart scholar and the pride of the college. The "Nineteenth Century" gives a number of examples of precocity which really indicated the eminence which came in after years:

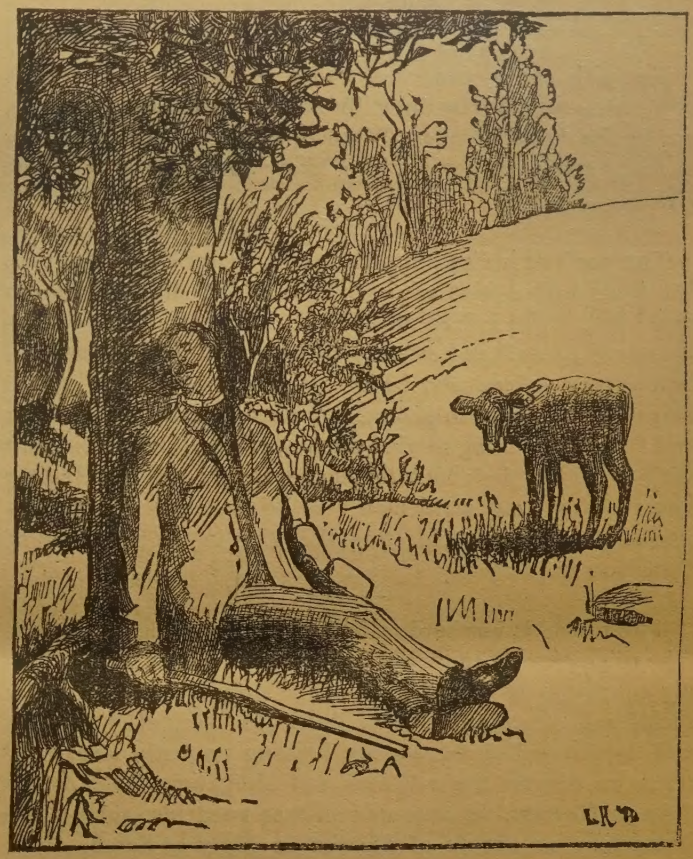
Galileo showed remarkable aptitude from earliest childhood. His favorite pastime was the construction of toy machines. A passion for music did not seduce him from his supreme devotion to mathematics, and by 19 he was making important discoveries. Tycho Brahe illustrates the same early bent in a slightly different way. His devotion to astronomy had to contend, not with his own, but with others' inclinations. Sent to read law at 16, he managed, after the day's studies, to pursue his astronomical observations, passing whole nights in this favorite occupation. Newton, like Galileo, occupied his play hours at school with constructing model machines (water clock, windmill, etc.). By the age of 23 or 24 he had conceived roughly his chief epoch-making discoveries. Another English investigator, Thomas Young, was a striking example of precocity. He read with fluency at 2. He showed extraordinary avidity of mind in very different directions, now busy mastering the difficulties of Oriental languages, now set on constructing a microscope for himself. His mind, unburdened with its weight of learning, was nimbly tracking out new truths in optics at the age of 29.

Among naturalists, too, examples of well marked, if less astonishing, precocity are to be met with. Linnæus, as a boy, showed so decided a bent to botany that, through the advocacy of a physician who had remarked the early trait, he was saved from the shoe-maker's shop, for which his father had destined him, and secured for science. At the age of 23 we find him lecturing on botany, and superintending a botanical garden, and at 28 he begins to publish his new ideas of classification. Cuvier's history is similar. A poor lad, he displayed an irresistible impulse to scientific observation, and by 29 published a work in which the central ideas of his system are set forth. Humboldt, again, showed his special scientific bent as a child. From his love of collecting and labeling plants, shells, and insects, he was known as "the little apothecary." At 20 he published a work giving the results of a scientific journey up the Rhine.

THE JOURNALIST.

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT.

[We found it impossible to prepare the cut in time to have this article appear in the last JOURNALIST, so we publish a supplement to give this sketch a place. Several other drawings were sent us, one or two of which were unusually good, but they were not drawn according to the printed directions and could not be reproduced.—ED. OUR YOUTH.]



HOW TO SPEND VACATION.

BY LOUIS J. HOLE.

THE question now is asked, "How shall I spend my vacation?"

Now, to the young and hard-working student, or to him who is shut up in store or office all the year round, let it be said: Don't think that to spend a pleasant vacation you must spend much money. Not at all. All you need to do is take off that thick coat and don a thin one; add a straw hat and a light but strong pair of shoes. Then grasp in your hand a thick walking-stick, and determining to boycott all railways, wagons, and vehicles of every sort, sally forth on a tramping expedition.

Walk daily just as long and as far as you please, but don't be afraid of getting tired.

Buy your meals of hospitable farmers' wives, and take after-dinner naps in the shade of spreading trees where there is nothing more formidable to disturb you than the innocent creature in the picture. When you arrive once more at home you will discover that you have formed the habit of sleeping as sound as a night policeman, and you will have an appetite and digestive apparatus resembling that of the traditional goat.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

THE girls are in danger of being neglected. Not by the boys, to be sure, nor by the milliners, nor by the dress-makers, nor by the confectioners. What ice-cream saloons or dealers in fancy goods or jewelry are likely to lose sight of the girls?

THE peril we indicate has its source nearer home than that. We have had a hint of it. The danger lies within our own office. Not indeed at the desk over there where our assistants sit, pencil and scissors in hand. Young fellows recently from college who believe in womanhood like gallant knights stand ready to defend fair woman against all assault and to render willing service whenever it is demanded. Not at their door or desk must the charge be laid. It is the editor himself—the "old gentleman," as he is called nowadays—who is in danger of neglecting the girls in the columns of OUR YOUTH.

THE reason is not hard to find where such neglect occurs. The principles we announce and defend in OUR YOUTH apply equally to boys and girls. The proprieties of life, the social and street and school duties, the laws of church life and loyalty—all hold equally binding on both sexes, and when we discuss the relations and obligations of Tom or John or Herbert, we have said all that need be said for the instruction or benefit of Harriet or Mary or Sarah. It is often much easier to receive reproof over some one's else shoulders than to take it directly. In this way we are able to say sharp and uncomfortable things to Tom, and Harriet is able in a round-about way to take a hint, possibly all the more easily because of the indirect way by which it comes.

ALIKE and unlike as they are, the sexes may be discussed together as to many things. There are, however, some lessons for girls which must be given specifically. There are services which girls may render, pleasures which girls may enjoy, temptations to which girls are exposed, all of which demand separate discussion. The columns of OUR YOUTH will hereafter contain a column devoted especially to them, in which occupations and recreations appropriate to them will be considered. We would train girls to be girls, and not boys. We would have them aspire to be women, and not men. A favorite theory of ours, as expressed in a lecture we are often required to deliver, is this: As each sex is most true to itself it is of the most value to the opposite sex. Some women may be advantaged temporarily by possessing the masculine traits, but for the highest good of the soul and for the permanent good of society it is well that man be man—manly—and that woman be woman—womanly. This is our doctrine, and through its universal acceptance we expect to see both sexes improve in mutual respect and affection.

WE detest the mannish girl, who regrets the fact that she was born a girl; who often wishes that she were a man; who breaks loose as early as possible from womanly lines of life; who dresses as much like a man as she dares; who sneers at domesticity, at womanhood, and wifehood, and motherhood. She tries to look and talk and carry herself like a man, has a touch of the fop in her tone, and is, as she deserves to be, a laughing-stock for both girls and boys. Away with such unnatural and pitiable specimens of the sex! Give us girls who are glad and proud to be girls; who remember what woman has done in literature, in art, in science, in the church, and above all as mothers in the home, and who esteem themselves honored of Heaven in that they are girls, and not boys. For such womanly girls we have high hope, and for the society and families in which such girls live we have words of hearty congratulation. They are a blessing now in early girlhood, with their joyous, loving, and artless ways, wise speeches, and dawning beauty, and they will be a greater blessing in the later years when age has crowned them, and when lovers, and then husbands, and then children gather about them for counsel and comfort. Blessed are womanly women! And thrice blessed are their fathers, brothers, husbands, sons!

SOME people always assume, when one thinks that certain places and employments are "womanly," that by excluding a girl from unwomanly spheres he is degrading or enslaving her, or that he is calling in question her ability. If, for example, we don't want a woman to be a butcher or a blacksmith we are "limiting her sphere" or "doubting her capacity." And no woman cares to be considered inferior to man. Of course a woman who fully makes up her mind to be a car-conductor has a legal right to follow her chosen calling, and to put on badge and bell. She may make her living in that way if she chooses so to do. But she will not change public opinion. Her selection will strike the majority of intelligent and liberal and wise people of both sexes as out of taste and as against the best interest of society. They will give her the right to collect fares, and ring record bells, and ride the round of her road, but their private thoughts of her will not be pleasant, and, if for no other reason, for the sake of their children the doors of their parlors will not open easily at her coming. This popular sympathy with what seems to be an order of nature is not because of the conviction of woman's inferiority. Woman is man's equal. In literature, in science, in art, she has proved her power. In the universities to which she has been admitted woman has proved her ability to stand by the side of her brother in every department of research and of attainment, and to keep with him in the upward movements. It is not that we doubt woman's worth, or strength, or breadth. We believe in her. We glory in her achievements. We love her. And it is in the love we have for her and in her creation as helper, inspirer, guide, priestess, and queen, that we find the reason for the protest of all refined and cultivated masculine natures against the desecration of her fine powers by the employment of them in the coarser, lower, outer world assigned to man.

THE time is coming when the sphere of woman will be widened. The distinction between the sexes as to the lines of their adaptation and uses will not be lost sight of, but increasing intelligence and fading prejudice will open a larger

world to woman for the development and employment of her truly womanly powers. For this better time we would prepare our girls that they may acquire education—thorough, broad, practical; that they may develop strong bodies by observing laws of health; that they may cultivate and practice common sense, good taste, true independence, a resolve to support themselves, and above all to love purity and to hold themselves above all the dictates of Fashion which offend against the laws of Nature and of God.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for July 25, 1886. THE RESURRECTION OF LAZARUS.—John 11. 17-44. GOLDEN TEXT.—John 11. 25.

PREFATORY. The Commission of Relief comes leisurely from the east over the Jordan and through the Judean wilderness toward the home of the bereaved at Bethany. It is not a four days' journey, but it is full four days before Jesus reaches his friends. Dead a day or dead a decade—there is no difference with him who bringeth life with him—who is himself "the resurrection and the life."

INTERROGATORY. Where is Bethany? What company came to the bereaved home? What was the best comfort these Jews could give to Mary and Martha? Give the conversation between Jesus and Martha. What remarks of Martha prove her faith in the person and office of Jesus? What brought Mary to Jesus? What did she say to him? Give the evidences of the tender sympathy of Jesus as shown in this lesson. And the evidences of his divinity. What practical lessons may be drawn from this incident for our personal profit?

HOMILY. Love may sometimes seem very tardy and indifferent. It lingers beyond the Jordan until hope almost dies in Bethany. The "ifs" of doubt and wonder put additional sorrow in the silent home of the sisters. Poor comfort can the Jews bring, although they can speak of resurrection. The Old Testament is all they have. But here comes the New Testament from beyond the Jordan. He puts meaning into Old Testament declarations. He is the true interpreter of the Scriptures. He waits but he comes. Rumor goes before him and Martha goes to him. She shows her confidence in him. A vast world of truth rises into view as the two converse. Her faith makes possible his proclamation, which in turn calls forth her larger assurance. What a garland is here woven for our own times when Death invades our homes! Have you been in the silent house where the dead sleep? The stillness; the opened window to let the living air in; the closed blinds to keep the light out; the white, wan, pinched features—so cold; the stifling fragrance of flowers to cover—alas! alas! When the dead one is yours—your mother, your child, your brother, your life-long companion, your dependence for the remaining years of life—then is the silence more dreadful, the darkness more awful. It is at such times as this that this lesson, and especially the conversation of Jesus and Martha, have value. There is so much meaning in the words "shall rise again," when it is your own beloved who lies flat, still, helpless. "I am the resurrection and the life" are words so full of comfort and hope when you turn from physicians who have failed to Him who can give life—the true life—the only true life to the dead. It was a glorious thing for Martha to have such hope at such a time and to be able to look into the face of "the Christ, the Son of God."

At the sepulcher behold the man—tender as a girl, mighty as the God he was. He wept and wrought. Behold sympathy and strength combined!

Yes, it was a miracle wrought by the wonder-worker. Lazarus was dead and Jesus brought him to life. It was a magnificent object-lesson brought into view for the ages to study. Death is not death since Jesus lived! There is an immortal destiny. We shall die, but we shall live, and living again we shall never die.

PRAYER. O Thou who art the resurrection and the life, cause us to live by faith in Thee. Save us from the death of sin and from the pains of death eternal. Give us life of Thy life and a joyful resurrection unto eternal life. Amen.

THE LORD REIGNETH.

WE are told in the Old Testament of the young men who refused to hold an earthly king in higher esteem than they did their heavenly Father. The following fable from the German illustrates admirably this point. The lack of true Christian spirit was the very means of harming the man who trusted in the emperor's help:

There was once in Rome two blind men, one of whom cried in the street of the city,

"He is helped whom God helps."

The other, on the contrary, cried,

"He is helped whom the king helps."

This they did every day, and the emperor heard it so often that he had a loaf of bread baked and filled with gold pieces.

This gold-filled loaf he sent to the blind man who appealed to the emperor's help. When he felt the heavy weight of the bread he sold it to the other beggar as soon as he met him. The blind man who bought the bread carried it home. When he had broken it and found the gold he thanked God, and from that day ceased to beg. But the other, continuing to beg through the city, the emperor summoned him into his presence and asked him:

"What hast thou done with the loaf that I lately sent you?"

"I sold it to my friend because it was heavy and did not seem well risen."

Then the emperor said:

"Truly he whom God helps is helped indeed," and turned the blind man from him.

DON'T LISTEN.

WE sometimes think that we are doing our whole duty in keeping our own lips pure. But this is only half our duty. Don't listen. General Grant never allowed the coarse jokes and stories of army life to be told in his hearing, If he could not prevent the telling he saved his own self-respect by withdrawing from the company. The "Watchman" tells the story of a boy who thus made his influence felt in the right direction:

A boy who attends one of our Sunday-schools went out into the country the past summer to spend his vacation—a visit he had long looked forward to with pleasure. He went out to help the men harvest. One of the men was an inveterate swearer. The boy, having stood it as long as he could, said to the man,

"Well, I guess I will go home to-morrow."

The swearer, who had taken a great liking to him, said,

"I thought you were going to stay all summer?"

"I was," said the boy, "but I can't stay where any body swears so; one of us must go, so I will leave."

The man felt the rebuke, and said,

"If you will stay I wont swear," and he kept his word.

Boys, take a bold stand for the right; throw your influence on the side of Christ, and you will sow seed, the harvest of which you will reap both in this world and in that which is to come.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

ALL admirers of strong young men have been interested in the intercollegiate boat races at New London. The Thames never looked more beautiful among its green hills than on July 2, when the Yale blue showed in front of the crimson of Harvard at the end of a well-fought struggle.

IT is the hard work and self-denial to which the athlete subjects himself which prepares him for the final test of his strength and endurance. The moral character also can be made stanch by this method—and by no other.

A FRIEND in Olney, Ill., sends the following, "overheard by the writer in an adjoining room:"

Two little girls, one four and the other two years old, had been singing together; then they knelt in prayer, led by the elder, as follows: "Our Father in heaven, be still as any mouse, and help me be good. Amen."

THE "Illustrated Christian Weekly" makes a statement which well deserves the exclamation point at its close:

In Ecuador, with a Roman Catholic church for every 150 inhabitants, with 10 per cent. of the population priests, monks, or nuns, with 272 days in the year feast or *fête* days, with a quarter of the wealth of the state in the hands of the Church, and with the priests controlling all branches of the government, 75 per cent. of the people can neither read nor write!

SOME of the old New England villages have a charm of simplicity which is unapproachable. On the main street of one ancient country-seat stands the county jail. Its walls of yellow bricks are embowered in climbing roses, and the frugal wife of the Yankee sheriff takes summer boarders in the spare rooms of the "dungeon," while over the portal is the mild inscription,

"Lessons Given in Music and Painting."

ENERGY will do any thing that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man without it. —*Goethe.*

INTELLECTUAL intrepidity is one of the most vital conditions of independence and self-reliance of character. A man must have the courage to be himself, and not the shadow or the echo of another. He must exercise his own powers, think his own thoughts, and speak his own sentiments. He must elaborate his own opinions and form his own convictions. It has been said that he who dare not form an opinion must be a coward; he who will not, must be an idler; he who cannot, must be a fool.—*Samuel Smiles.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

A BRIEF sketch of the most eminent of the Oxford Club members may be interesting:

John Wesley was born at Epworth, in the county of Lincoln, on the 17th of June, 1703. His father, whose name was Samuel, was a very remarkable man. A clergyman of the English Church, he was of undoubted piety, of literary taste, of guileless simplicity, of strong political sympathies. His mother, however, was a much more remarkable woman. Her learning was considerable and her devotion to duty entire. Her intellect was almost masculine, and she possessed a marvelous practical sagacity, united to an exceedingly loving heart. At six years of age John was wonderfully delivered from a terrible death, on the occasion of the firing of the rectory house. Long years afterward he had engraved beneath one of his portraits, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" At eleven he was sent to the Charter-house School, from whence he went in 1720 to Oxford, becoming a Fellow of Lincoln College in 1725. When but twenty-three years of age he was elected Greek teacher and Moderator of the Classes. At Oxford he displayed the utmost religiousness, but he lived under the law rather than under grace. In 1735 he went to Georgia, having an ardent desire to carry the Gospel to the Indians. His sojourn there accomplished but little, nevertheless it taught him much. Through the influence of the Moravian Böhler, he learned the way of faith; and on the 24th of May, 1738, he obtained conscious acceptance while attending a religious meeting in Aldersgate. From that hour until the day of his death, which was the 2d of March, 1791, moved by a sacred sense of duty, and full of a God-like enthusiasm, he itinerated throughout England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, traveling, chiefly on horseback, from four to five thousand miles a year, over unmade roads and lonely mountain tracks and uncultivated wastes; preaching to vast masses of the people, gathered generally beneath the canopy of heaven; publishing works belonging to almost every domain of literature; establishing religious societies in every part of the country; and guiding and controlling a vast and evergrowing ecclesiastical organization. So busy a life, extending over so long a period, is scarcely to be found in the annals of history. Full of years and honors, he went down the valley; and with the accents of praise on his lips, he laid down his body with his charge, and was buried in the City Road Chapel-yard, where his remains await the general resurrection of the great day.

ORDER some of the new "Oxford League Series" for a Sunday evening exercise. Bring to the front the members of the League and young people who ought to belong to it. The service is not for children but for young people.

YEARS ago (in 1868) we wrote to Dr. Howard Crosby, the distinguished Presbyterian divine of New York, asking him for something we thought he had published on "Early Worship in the Church." The doctor gave us the following reply: "Dear brother, I have never published any thing on 'Early Worship in the Church,' as you suppose. But my full belief is that the nearest thing on earth to the original church-meeting primitive Church is a Methodist prayer-meeting. Yours in Jesus,

"HOWARD CROSBY."

HERE are some interesting readings from John Wesley's Journal:

Sunday, March 13, 1743. "From the terrible instances I met with here at Tanfield (and indeed in all parts of England) I am more and more convinced that the devil desires nothing more than this, that the people of any place should be half-awakened, and then left to themselves to fall asleep again. Therefore I determine, by the grace of God, not to strike one stroke in any place where I cannot follow the blow."

April 19, 1743. "While I was speaking, a gentleman rode up very drunk; and after many and unseemly bitter words, labored much to ride over some of the people. I was surprised to hear he was a neighboring clergyman. And this, too, is a man zealous for the Church! Ah, poor Church, if it stood in need of such defenders!"

Monday, December 15, 1746. "Most of this week I spent at Lewisham in writing 'Lessons for Children,' consisting of the most practical Scriptures, with a very few short explanatory notes."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

POLITICAL ECONOMY—DISTRIBUTION.

LAST week we showed that after wealth has been produced from Land, Labor, and Capital, we must divide it into Rent, Wages, and Profit, and distribute it among landlord, laborer, and employer.

To make the working of this law clear let us take the case of Mr. Benly, whose farm has been described in this department. One thing strikes us at once, that is, that one man may be both landlord and employer, and in some cases laborer as well. It is usual in this country for one man to be both land-owner and employer, but in England there are generally three classes, the landlord, the farmer, and the laborer. The first rents the land to the second, who supplies the capital, and pays the wages of the third.

Now let us suppose that Mr. Benly sits down to examine his accounts and see how he is doing financially. Of course he doesn't say to himself, "I'm landlord, laborer, and capitalist, let me see what is due me in each of these capacities," but he does something very like it. The following table will clearly state Mr. Benly's finances, say for the second year of his farm-life. Joe Astley and other hands hired to help during harvest time represent labor for the sake of simplifying matters, the Benly boys not being taken into consideration. Mr. Benly is both landlord and capitalist, as an overseer is also included under labor.

Cost of land, $2,000, *rent about* 10 *per cent*.....		$200
Wages.	*Laborers*.....	500
	Mr. Benly's salary as overseer.....	1,000
Capital.	*Tools, stock, seed, wagons, machinery, etc.*, $6,000 *at* 7 *per cent*...	420

Total sum Mr. Benly must receive to come out even, $2,120

In the first place Mr. Benly, in his estimates, says that if he had to rent the land he uses, he would have to pay about $200 rent. Therefore he must put that much aside from the whole amount received, in order to pay himself as landlord rent for the land he has used as a capitalist. The $500 paid to laborers needs no explanation. As to the $1,000 salary for overseeing, Mr. Benly says to himself that if he were simply employed as an overseer by another that he ought to receive that salary, and so in making out his statement he puts down this sum as his personal due in the character of an overseer. Again Mr. Benly as a capitalist has invested in machinery, tools, horses, cows, mules, fodder, etc., $6,000. He could put this money out at interest at 7 per cent. and thus receive $420. So of course he sets aside this sum from the whole amount taken in during the year. Adding up these amounts we find that if Mr. Benly receives $2,120 that he will come out even; that is, he will be in the position of a man receiving $1,000 as a salary, and having besides the interest on $6,000, and the rent of a farm. His total income by this arrangement would be $1,620. But if Mr. Benly only came out even he would not be very well satisfied. Suppose he receives $3,000 instead of $2,120. Let us see what difference this would make. His rent would remain the same, so would the wages, but the income from his capital would be $1,300 instead of $420, or 21 per cent. on his capital instead of 7 per cent.

This is the reward of economy, care, and watchfulness. The capitalist runs greater risks, assumes greater responsibilities, and secures larger returns than the laborer. We have spoken for the sake of clearness of the distribution of wealth, as though distribution did not take place until the wealth was produced. But this is not so. The capitalist must pay wages to the laborer—that is, advance his share of the wealth—before the wealth is produced. The laborer therefore depends on the capitalist for his support, while the capitalist depends upon the laborer to produce the wealth from which the former is to reimburse himself. It is not hard to see in this case how the interests of the capitalist and the laborer are on the same side.

SLIPPERY SIMILES.

WE take the following extract from "Chambers's Journal:"

Language is a slippery thing to deal with, as some may find when selecting their similes. Says a writer: "Speak of a man's marble brow, and he will glow with conscious pride; but allude to his wooden head, and he's mad in a minute." The young lecturer's "similes were gathered in a heap" when he expressed the whole body of his argument on deceit in the following: "O, my brethren, the snowiest shirt-front may conceal an aching bosom, and the stiffest of all collars encircle a throat that has many a bitter pill to swallow."

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

THE DANCING PHANTOMS.

AT a small hotel which nestles among the great mountains of Vermont, guests from many distant States had gathered to spend the month of August in rest and recreation. Many pastimes were planned to while away the rainy evenings, which occasionally cast a damper over moonlit strolls on the piazza or along the shady lanes.

One evening, on entering the parlor in which only one dim light was burning, the astonished spectators saw several small white figures dancing on the table in the middle of the room. They looked like miniature ghosts, or phantoms, as they jumped in wild bounds or danced to the music of a merry tune which was played upon the piano. When the music ceased they lay still, or stood upright, or sat upon the table rigid and motionless, but when the notes of the piano were again heard they seemed to spring into life, and resume their antics in striving to leap over each other's heads, or by gayly whirling in the giddy dance and waving their white arms wildly about.

Every one seemed anxious to know how these phantoms were made and moved, as they must have been very quickly arranged, for the parlor had been in constant use. When more lamps were brought the

little phantoms proved to be only handkerchief dolls, such as any child can make, and the motive power was only a long, black linen thread, which went from the head of each doll over the chandeliers into the hands of the operators, who were concealed behind a sofa and in a closet, the door of which was opened a little way.

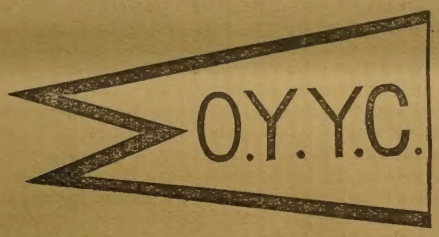
Any child can learn how to pull these threads in time to the music with a very little practice, and to loosen the threads just enough to allow the phantoms to rest on the table when the music stops. In case any little girls may not know how to make the handkerchief dolls, they can follow this description:

Two children spread a large white handkerchief on a small table between them, and roll up each side at the same time, until the two rolls meet just in the center of the handkerchief, which is kept stretched by the four corners being tightly held while they make these rolls. Then one end is doubled over the other, the end which is to form the head tied with a thread, and the legs and arms stretched out and also tied around with a white thread. The black thread is thus strung through the head and carried over the chandelier to the places most convenient for hiding the operators. If the room has no chandelier, small screw eyes can be put into the ceiling above the table, or a small wire can be tightly stretched across the room near the ceiling. Each operator can manage a string with each hand, but when more than four dolls are used the screw eyes will prove more convenient to keep the threads from being entangled. If the piano does not happen to be in the room the children can sing lively tunes, and a little conversation can be interspersed to advantage.

Miniature Yachts.

H. E. Pickersgill writes us from Allentown, Pa., expressing an interest in our plan for a miniature yacht club, and declaring his intention to form such an organization in Allentown. We are glad to hear of this project, and we are ready to give him and any others all the assistance in our power.

It is necessary for every yacht club to have a club signal, or flag, which is kept flying at the topmast-head of all its yachts. We have designed the following simple signal, which may be adopted as a uniform flag for all Our Youth yacht clubs. Each local club will want a signal of its own, but there can be no objection to having this general flag for the whole country:



The main body of the signal should be white, the border red, and the letters O. Y. Y. C. in red.

We can furnish note paper, and paper for commodore's sailing orders, with this signal plain or in colors printed at the top, together with the name and officers of the local club, at reasonable rates.

In a short time we shall publish short articles describing the way in which a yacht club is regulated, and some rules for regattas.

For full information concerning the Our Youth Yacht Club, see page 45, No. 29, of Our Youth, and the future issues of the paper.

Buff with the Wand.

Blind Man's Buff is so time-honored and popular with young and old that one would think it impossible to devise a better game of the kind. The newer game of Buff with the Wand, however, is thought by many to be superior to the long-established favorite. The blind person, with a stick in his hand, is placed in the middle of the room. The remainder of the party form a ring by joining hands, and to the music of a merry tune which should be played on a piano they all skip round him. Occasionally the music should be made to stop suddenly, when the blind man takes the opportunity of lowering his wand upon one of the circle. The person thus made the victim is then required to take hold of the stick until his fate is decided. The blind man then makes any absurd noise he likes, either the cry of animals, or street cries, which the captive person must imitate, trying as much as possible to disguise his own natural voice. Should the blind man detect who holds the stick, and guess rightly, he is released from his post, the person who has been caught taking his place. If not, he must still keep the bandage on his eyes, and hope for better success next time.

Menedemus being told one day that it was a great felicity to have whatever we desire, said: "Yes, but it is much greater to desire nothing but what we have."

The way to do good is to be good. There must be light, then it will shine.—*Canon Fleming.*

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

This week we open a new department for girls. We hope to make it attractive and useful. We shall publish short articles on fancy work and light cookery, common-sense talks on good taste in dress, behavior, reading, and recreation.

We trust that our venture will be acceptable to our girl readers, and that they will manifest an interest in the department by sending us items of personal experience in various matters appropriate for this column.

In these days when women's rights are so frequently a subject of discussion, we are glad to acknowledge woman's right to a department in Our Youth by the change which we inaugurate to-day.

HOW TO CROCHET.

BY CYNTHIA DOERING.

I suppose many of my young readers are already acquainted with the rudiments of crocheting, but many knitters, particularly young ones, have an idea that they cannot knit "out of papers." In other words, that they cannot follow printed directions. Now this is a mere delusion, the principal cause of which is their not being acquainted with the names of stitches.

Hence the first thing necessary in crocheting from written patterns is a knowledge of the names and abbreviations of stitches. Here are some of the more common ones:

l. always stands for loop.

ch. st., meaning chain stitch, is made as follows: make one loop, throw the thread around the needle and draw through, continue to throw the thread around the needle and draw up loops until the chain is of the required length. Having one loop on the needle draw up another through a stitch of last row, knitting both off at once; this is called close chain stitch, **cl. ch. st.**

s. c., single crochet, having one loop on needle draw up another through a stitch of preceding row, throw thread over and knit both off.

d. c., double crochet, having one loop on the needle throw the thread around once and draw up one loop; now knit off two, then two more.

h. d. c., half double crochet, same as double crochet, except you knit all three loops off at once.

t., treble, throw the cotton twice around the needle, draw up one loop, knit off two, then two more, then remaining two.

d. d. c., double double crochet, same as treble except you throw the thread three times around the needle and then knit off in groups of two.

These are the stitches most used; there are many more, but they are generally explained when used, and are seldom abbreviated. If you are a beginner the next necessity in crocheting is a deft, easy movement in handling the thread and hook. This can only be acquired by practice.

For practice knit a **ch.** of five **st.,** fasten the ends together, then fill in with **s. c.** once around. Second row may be the same or of **d. c.;** the third, **d. d. c.** Vary the stitch in each row if you wish to become accustomed to the difference in them. It will be necessary to knit two stitches into one of last row quite frequently, in order to widen and thus prevent the work from drawing.

Another good practice for beginners is shell insertion, as follows: First row, knit three **ch. st.** and fasten ends together, knit chain of three, then three **d. c.** into first **ch. of three,** one **ch. st.,** then three more **d. c.** into first chain of three. Second row, three **ch. st.,** three **d. c.** into chain of one in preceding row, one **ch. st.,** three more **d. c.** into chain of one on preceding row, and one **d. c.** into chain of three of last row. Succeeding rows the same as second.

This insertion if crocheted from cotton thread will be so narrow that you can scarcely use it, but if you are at all expert in crocheting you can double it without any further directions.

These groups of stitches composed of **three d. c., one ch. st., three d. c.,** are called shells. A single, double, or treble row of shells form the heading of many kinds of lace. A method for combining them in a very simple pattern of lace will be given in this column at an early date.

Cream Walnuts.

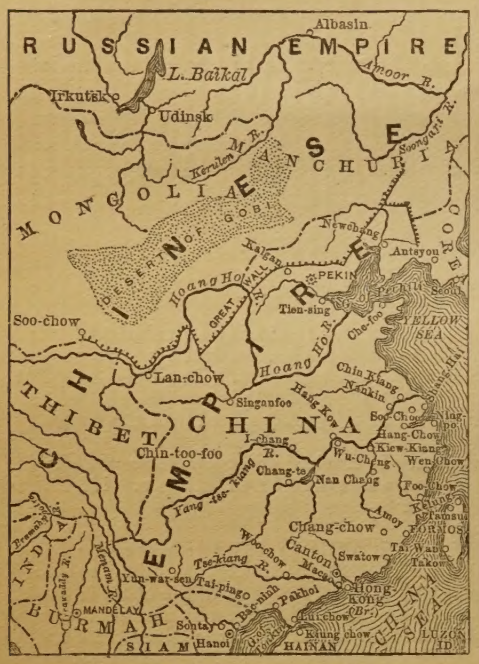
Materials: One quart of English walnuts or shell-barks, one and one half pounds of confectioner's sugar (to be obtained from the grocer), two eggs, a glass of ice-water, and a small quantity of extract of vanilla. Have in readiness a large buttered platter.

Extract the meat from the nuts, keeping as many as possible whole. Break the eggs slightly at one end, and allow the whites to escape, leaving the yolks in the shells. A flat vegetable-dish is the best for our purpose, as the candy is easily molded in it. Put with the white of egg two table-spoonfuls of ice-water and about six drops of extract of vanilla. Beat with a fork until the mixture is white and flaky. Now stir in sugar until about the consistency of fine pastry. Take a piece the size of a marble, roll it lightly in the palm of the hands until round, then flatten it, press a nut into each side and place it on a platter to harden. Use the sugar upon the fingers as flour to keep the candy from sticking. Let the creams harden by standing overnight in a cool place.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

China.

(Area, 4,419,150 sq. miles; population, 371,180,000; ruler, Emperor Hwangti.)



THE Chinese Empire includes China proper and five dependencies. China proper is about one half as large as the United States, and has a dense population of three hundred millions. It lies in the south-western part of the empire, sloping to the Pacific from the mountains of Thibet and intersected by the valleys of the two grand streams—the Hoang-Ho and Yang-tse-Kiang. Its great extent exposes China to all variations of climate. The fruits and flowers of all zones flourish. Agriculture is the proudest of Chinese arts, and every inch of soil and drop of water are utilized. Rice and tea are the staple products, and these with silk are the chief exports. Porcelain clay abounds, and the Chinese excel in pottery and in the carving of ivory and jade.

The emperor's authority is limited by traditions and by the teachings of Confucius. The government is administered by a cabinet and six department councils. The state religion is that of Confucius, though most of the people are Buddhists. The Roman Catholics and Protestants have long had missions in the empire.

Nearly every adult native is able to read and write, and a literary examination is the only method of entering the public service. The military forces are armed with Remington rifles and Krupp cannon, and are trained by European officers. The navy includes several first-class modern iron-clads. The public debt is small. Numerous canals and roads intersect the empire, but there are no railroads, the conservative spirit of the government having succeeded in defeating all plans for their construction.

The legendary history of China goes back to the remotest times. With the imperial family, or dynasty, of Chow (1123–255 B. C.) the more reliable records begin. Under these emperors the empire was composed of a large number of feudal states, owning some allegiance to the central government. Confucius, the great moralist and philosopher who lived in the sixth century before Christ, founded the so-called state religion. The Tsin dynasty (255–206 B.C.) built the great wall to keep out the Tartars, and opposed the progress of learning. The brilliant family of Han (206 B. C.–221 A. D.) curbed the feudal lords and firmly established the religion of Buddha, which had penetrated China from its birthplace in India. Then followed the Three Kingdoms, a long period of civil war which ended in a reunited empire.

Before 1000 A.D. many inventions had been made. The compass, gunpowder, and a rude process of printing were known and used. The empire prospered greatly. But the Mongols continued their incursions from the north, pouring over the great wall and ravaging the rich provinces of the north. The famous chief Genghis Khan conquered China, and established the Mongol or Tartar dynasty.

The Tartars were overthrown by the Chinese family of Ming, which ruled till 1644, when the Manchu Tartars usurped the throne, which they have firmly held ever since. The shaved head and pig-tail were forced upon the Chinese by their Tartar lords as a badge of inferiority.

In 1850 the Tai-pings attempted to drive out the Tartars, but their rebellion was finally suppressed. Commercial intercourse was extremely limited till 1839, when England began the Opium War, which opened five Chinese ports to British trade. In 1858–60 England received additional privileges, to most of which the other nations were admitted.

The British Elections.

As well as can be judged from the returns now at hand, the elections for the new British Parliament have resulted in a victory for no one. Mr. Gladstone is perhaps defeated, and will find still less support in the new House than in that which crushed his Home Rule bill by a majority of thirty. If this be so, affairs are in a chaotic condition. For the new Parliament will be divided into four sections: Conservatives, Unionists (as the seceding Liberals call themselves in witness of their devotion to the "unity of the empire"), the Gladstonians (who still form the main body of the Liberals), and the Irish followers of Parnell. Granted that Gladstone returns to Parliament no stronger or even with diminished support, unless the Conservatives can control a clear majority over all other parties, the situation will be complicated. For the seceding Liberals are by no means Conservative allies save in their common opposition to the Premier's Irish plans, and an alliance between the Parnellites and their present Conservative enemies seems out of the question. In this delicate situation nothing could well be done to enforce any Irish policy, and the Parnellites would be able to employ with great effect their talents and opportunities for obstructing the course of parliamentary business. It is said that Mr. Gladstone will not give up the fight, but is resolved to wage an incessant struggle for Home Rule on the floor of the House of Commons.

One feature of the elections is notable. Ten years ago the wildest enthusiast for the Irish cause could not have dreamed that a million votes would be cast for Home Rule in the United Kingdom before the close of the century. Yet in the present elections the question of a separate government for Ireland is the only issue, and a million ballots have been given in its favor. The immediate realization of the Home Rule project is postponed for a time; but the events of the last twelve months register an advance toward the fulfillment of the Irish aspirations. The other reforms of the century gained ground less slowly than the Nationalist movement in Ireland, and they were not hampered by such false friends as the murderers and dynamiters, whose misplaced zeal has more than once been well-nigh fatal to the Irish cause.

The Labor Troubles.

THE men who have been tried in New York for boycotting have been convicted almost without exception and have received heavy sentences. The courts have maintained that unlawful intimidation had been used to injure business. The members of the Central Labor Union, disgusted with the treatment of their delegates by Judge Barrett, the presiding justice in the recent trials, assembled in mass-meeting July 7 to denounce the action of the courts. After much speaking these resolutions were read:

Resolved, That we condemn this verdict and sentence as a brutal outburst of class hatred by representatives of the capitalistic class against the growing power of organized labor, and that we do not consider the victims of this "class justice" as criminals, but as martyrs in the labor cause.

Resolved, That we spurn the attempt to wrest from us one of the mightiest weapons in our battle against spoliation, the boycott, by unjust and barbaric punishment of the champions of our cause; that we will hold on to it undismayed by arbitrary judicial decisions.

Resolved, That we consider all those who aided in any way or manner in passing this shameful sentence as mortal enemies of organized labor, and that we deem it the sacred duty of every working-man to discontinue all personal and business relations with them and their business friends.

Resolved, That we make it the duty of the working-men of New York and vicinity to do all in their power to defend the rights of the unjustly condemned, and furnish financial aid for the support of their families.

They seemed to express the sentiments of the twenty-five hundred working-men present, and harsh words were said against the judges who declared that the boycott was a criminal offense.

Notwithstanding these demonstrations, the courts continue to convict persons engaged in boycotting. Six of the Bohemian bakers who carried out the decrees of the Bakers' Union against Mrs. Landgraf, the New York woman who persisted in managing her own business, have been tried and sentenced since the passage of the above resolutions. It has been decided fully and finally that the law covers boycotting, and no amount of protestations on the part of the unions can alter this decision. The law indeed may be changed, but in its present form it is competent to deal with this form of the labor agitation. The criminality of the act lies in the coercion and intimidation which are employed to injure the person who is under the ban. It is this, and not the mere persuasion, which is unlawful.

A Brief Survey.

THE college boat races at New London, Conn., resulted in the defeat of Harvard by both Columbia and Yale. Columbia and Yale also defeated the University of Pennsylvania. In the freshmen race Harvard won, beating Columbia. The Yale freshmen led from the start to the half-mile flag, where their boat was swamped by a heavy sea. Yale won the base-ball championship July 3, defeating Harvard, 7 to 1.——The prohibition laws in Rhode Island and Georgia went into effect July 1.——Ten workmen lost their lives in an explosion of nitro-glycerine at McCainsville, N. J., July 2.——Independence Day was celebrated Monday, July 5. An explosion of fire-works caused a $200,000 fire at Harlem, N.Y.——The Denver Academy of Music was burned July 6, loss $150,000.——Col. G. B. Corkhill, who conducted the case against the assassin Guiteau, died at Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, July 6 ——Forest fires are reported in Wisconsin.——Paul Hamilton Hayne, one of the best-known Southern poets, died at Copse Hill, Ga., July 6.

The Canadian government continues to seize American fishing vessels for breaking the treaty regulations. The authorities announce that their recent order (which was generally understood as a change of policy) involved a more stringent enforcement of the treaty provisions.——Reports from Italy show an increase of cholera at Brindisi. The disease has appeared at the Dalmatian ports on the eastern shore of the Adriatic.——The Servian peasantry oppose the collection of war taxes, and serious riots are reported. ——Batoum, the Russian oil port on the eastern shore of the Black Sea, which was made a free port by the Treaty of Berlin (1878), has been closed to foreign trade by the Russian government. This action caused a flurry of excitement among the European powers, who reviewed it as a step toward the repudiation of the Berlin Treaty, upon which the peace of south-western Europe depends.——The French government has advised M. de Lesseps to withdraw the bill providing for the establishment of a lottery to raise $120,000,000 for the Panama canal. The canal company will issue bonds instead of lottery tickets to secure the necessary amount.——The king of the Hawaiian Islands has appointed a new cabinet, nearly all the members of which are Americans.

Publishers' Department.

OUR YOUTH,

PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers,

805 Broadway, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, - - - $1 25 per year.
Write for sample copies and terms to agents.

ADVERTISING RATES: Single insertions, 20 cents per agate line. Special rates on large orders.

HELP CIRCULATE OUR YOUTH.

The publication of OUR YOUTH, a weekly paper for young people and their teachers, by our own Book Concern, has been noticed through the "Advocates," and, I presume, sample copies have gone to most of our pastors in all parts of the field. While it passes without saying that the neat appearance and the rich and entertaining pages of the journal, with the name of Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., as its editor, are its "best recommendation," I feel bound to add a word in its behalf. The beautiful Christmas number, together with its two predecessors, lie before me as I write. Already their contents have been under the eyes of each reader in our family, affording amusement and instruction to all, from the least unto the greatest. One of our circle, after feasting with inexpressible delight, exclaimed, "Why did not our Church furnish something of the kind long before now?" Well, I suppose it is the order of Methodism to advance with the times, and it is my opinion that this late step, or stride, is a sure pledge of grander victories in the days not far away. OUR YOUTH starts well and promises to grow better. A little experience will, I think, demonstrate that its existence is indispensable to the largest success of our connectional interests. To those of our preachers whose education has been, to a great extent, neglected, the paper will have a special mission as a sound, able teacher. It will bring to them each week a marvelous store of practical information along with abundant suggestions and hints which may be found eminently helpful in many ways. I admire the wisdom of our fathers which promptly seizes appliances calculated to meet those wants that spring out of our complex and ever-shifting social condition. Schools are erected, and all are invited to enter and pass a thorough course of moral and intellectual training, but where the invitation is for any cause unheeded, the school enters the homes of the people in the form of OUR YOUTH, banishes ignorance, imparts a cheerful tone, quickens and guides the aspiration toward a higher plane, and encourages useful endeavor in every sphere of life. Shall the paper go to you during 1886? Say "Yes," and send on your subscription, and then urge others to go and do likewise. (Rev.) D. W. HAYS, East Tenn. Conf.

From ZION'S HERALD, *March* 24, 1886.

That handsome and admirably edited new journal for the young, OUR YOUTH, has reached its fifteenth number, and maintains its high order of excellence. Competing without the aid of illustrations with other excellent periodicals for youth which have this additional attraction, it has to depend solely on its literary merit and attractiveness to win its way to success. This it is doing; and what else could we expect it should do, but secure a great host of young admirers, with Dr. Vincent selecting what shall be put before them? It is of most convenient size, giving sixteen pages of the best of entertainment and instruction at each weekly visit, elegantly printed on good paper, and published for the nominal price of $1 25 per year. Send for a sample number to Phillips & Hunt, New York; or, better, send in your subscription at once, and get treble your money's worth during the year.

SUMMER DRESS GOODS.

James McCreery & Co.

OFFER, PREVIOUS TO THEIR REGULAR SUMMER INVENTORY, EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS.

A LARGE VARIETY OF FANCY SUITINGS AT 50 cts., 75 cts., $1, and $1 25 PER YARD, REDUCED FROM $1, $1 25, $2, AND $2 25 PER YARD, RESPECTIVELY.

ALSO OFFER 1,000 YARDS PRINTED CHINA PONGEE SILKS—DARK COLORS—AT 75 cts. PER YARD; REDUCED FROM $1 25.

Broadway & 11th Street, N. Y.

Fort Edward Collegiate Institute.

Superb new brick buildings, steam-heated, thirteen teachers. College, preparatory, commercial, and other graduating courses. Four literary societies. Music, Art, Oratory. Twenty-ninth year September 13. Address

JOSEPH E. KING, D.D.,
Fort Edward, N. Y.

UNDOING CAPTIVITY.

Send 30 cts. to W. H. Newlin, Danville, Ill., for account of 30 days and nights of "Secret Service" (early in 1864); *two comrades* failed. Seven copies, post-paid, $1.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO SELL
MANY MISTAKES MENDED
In reading, writing, and speaking. Large 12mo. Only $1. By mail. N. TIBBALS & SONS, New York.

SEND 10 CENTS FOR COPY OF *Penman's Art Journal*
205 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. $1.00 FOR ONE YEAR.
The best aid to good writing published.

C. L. S. C.
COURSE OF READING
For 1886-'87.

REQUIRED READINGS.

PRICES TO MEMBERS.

BOUND IN CLOTH.

Walks and Talks in the Geological Field. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D., of Michigan University. Crown 8vo	$1 00
Recreations in Astronomy. By Henry W. Warren, D.D., LL.D. 12mo	1 00
Sketches from English History. By Prof. A. M. Wheeler, A.M., of Yale College. (Not required of Class 1887.) Crown 8vo	1 25
English Literature. By Prof. H. A. Beers, A.M., of Yale. 16mo	60
Classic French Course in English. By Dr. W. C. Wilkinson. 16mo	60
Warren Hastings. By Lord Macaulay. (Special C. L. S. C. Edition.) 16mo	40
A Short History of the Early Church. By J. F. Hurst, D.D., LL.D. 16mo	40
The Christian Religion. By George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College. 16mo	50
Required Readings in *The Chautauquan*	1 50

On receipt of price will send free of express or postage.

PHILLIPS & HUNT,
805 Broadway, New York.

JOEL McCOMBER'S PATENT BOOTS AND SHOES.

Every body can now enjoy my Patent Boots and Shoes. I am now manufacturing them on a large scale with new and improved machinery, and selling at greatly reduced prices, so as to place them within the reach of all, rich and poor. I will send to all applicants price-lists, full instructions for self-measurement for men, women, and children, and return the shoes as quickly as they can be made. They will fit beautifully, will never warp, distort, or injure the tenderest foot, and will restore bad and distorted feet to symmetry and comfort. I make no shoddy goods, and my highest class boots and shoes are unsurpassed, either in material or workmanship, by any goods in any country, and my lowest class goods are superior in every respect to all others at the same price. Those who desire perfect boots and shoes should send for my *free* illustrated pamphlets, which will give price-list and all information that is required. It will pay you to send for the pamphlets.

To preserve leather of all kinds for ladies or gentlemen's boots and shoes, and to make them soft and beautiful, use my Seal Polish Blacking.

JOEL McCOMBER, Inventor and Manufacturer of McComber's Patent Boots and Shoes and Patent Lasts, 52 East 10th Street, New York. Mention OUR YOUTH.

PERRY & Co's STEEL PENS

Of Superior Quality, 24 Samples different styles, for trial, including the famous **"U," Falcon,** and **Stub** pens, by mail, on receipt of 20 cents. Ask for Card No. 13.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & Co., *Sole Agents.* 753 B'WAY, N.Y.

USE A BINDER.

Subscribers wishing to keep their copies of OUR YOUTH in good condition, and have them at hand for reference, should use a binder. We can send by mail, postage-paid, a strong, plain binder, with the name OUR YOUTH stamped on the side in gilt, for **One Dollar.** These binders have been made expressly for OUR YOUTH, and are of the best manufacture. The papers can be placed in the binder week by week, thus keeping the file complete. Address

PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers of Our Youth,
805 Broadway, New York.

Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—Speaking of drinking, it may be observed that a man who "can take it or leave it alone" generally takes it.—*Utica Herald.*

—"Young men believe in nothing nowadays," said Mrs. Ramsbotham, with a deep sigh. "Why, there's my nephew Tom, who was brought up as a Christian, and now he's an Acrostic."—*Punch.*

—A man would much rather be fined $50 for fast driving than be told that his horse couldn't trot fast enough to break the statute.—*Burdette.*

—People going on excursions are so happy to get home that they are glad they went.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—A lad was sent to one of our grocery stores for some barley for soup, but he forgot what he was after, and said he thought they wanted something for soap, and so the obliging proprietor put him up five cents' worth of potash.—*Westfield Times.*

—"Mistah Johnsing, I t'ink you's sufferin' wid a affection ob de heart. Yo' heart-beats is ter'ble irreg'lar."

"Dat's all right, doctah; but, sah, yo' has yo' right ear gin my watch, an' it haint varied a minnit in de las' free months, sah. Wid all respec' to yo', I guess I go ter some older practitioner, sah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Things One would Rather have Left Unsaid.—Jones (to hostess, famed for her dinners)—"O, by the way, Mrs. Hodgkinson, if you should happen to want a really good cook, I know of one who would suit you to a T!"—*Punch.*

—A Chicago base-ball enthusiast, recently returned from Europe, is disgusted with Switzerland. "Scenery?" he repeated in reply to a question. "What did I think of the scenery? Why there aint scenery enough in the hull country that's level enough to make a diamond."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—An Indian chief who is visiting Washington at government expense was introduced to a senator recently who has a very bald head. The chief looked at him for some moments with great interest. Finally he said, "Ugh! Where you fight Injun sometime?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Wouldn't Work Both Ways.—When the employees in an Indiana furniture factory operated by a German struck for eight hours' work a day he granted it, but when they wanted ten hours' pay for eight hours' work he called them up and said: "My fr'en's, may pe I do ash you like. I haf an order from Shegago for ten dozen shairs. Vhill sheep him eight dozen und bill him for ten. If he doan' kick on me it shows me dot der rule vorks both vhays und ve vhas all right." It is needless to add that the idea didn't work, and that his men are receiving eight hours' pay.—*Wall Street News.*

—A story is told of a western woman who prevented a crowd of thirteen men from getting through a door-way to lynch her husband. We know that western women are plucky. But New York can beat that. Not long since a woman kept back an angry crowd of fifty on the elevated station while endeavoring to fish a nickel for her fare out of a satchel crammed full of dress-samples and buttons.—*Puck.*

—A lady writes to the "Journal:" "Our little three-year-old boy is very fond of medicine. No matter what the kind, he takes it with evident relish and teases for it on all occasions. The other day he came running in and said he was sick and tired and his legs ached and he must have some. To pacify him his mother gave him a tea-spoonful of cough syrup. After lapping out the spoon he looked roguishly up to her and said in an appealing tone, 'Got *two* legs, mamma; *mus'* have anozer spoonful for ze ozer leg.'"—*Boston Journal.*

—Some years ago a well-known Presbyterian divine was spending his summer vacation with his family in the Adirondacks. One Sunday he accepted an invitation to preach. In the congregation was a man who apparently was very deaf, for he came to the service armed and equipped with an immense brass ear-trumpet, and as soon as the sermon began went forward and took his seat well up on the pulpit stairs. The clergyman's little daughter was among the auditors. She had never seen an ear trumpet, and the spectacle of the form on the pulpit stairs steadily holding that instrument against his head filled her with awe and wonder. On her way home from church the first thing she said to her father when they were alone was, "Papa, was that an archangel by you?"—*Ex.*

THE SAFEST FOOD IN SUMMER

For Young or Delicate Children.
A Sure Preventive of
CHOLERA INFANTUM.

It has been the positive means of saving many lives where no other food would be retained. Its basis is SUGAR OF MILK, the most important element of mothers' milk.

It contains no unchanged starch and no Cane Sugar, and therefore does not cause sour stomach, irritation, or irregular bowels.

It is the Most Nourishing, the Most Palatable, the Most Economical, of all Prepared Foods.

Sold by Druggists—25cts., 50cts., $1 00. Send for pamphlet giving important medical opinions on the nutrition of Infants and Invalids.

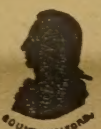
WELLS, RICHARDSON, & CO., Burlington, Vt.

FOR DYSPEPSIA,

Mental and Physical Exhaustion,

Nervousness, Weakened Energy,

INDIGESTION, Etc.



Horsford's

ACID PHOSPHATE.

A liquid preparation of the phosphates and phosphoric acid.

Recommended by physicians.

It makes a delicious drink.

Invigorating and strengthening.

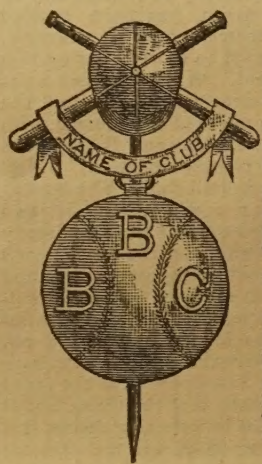
Pamphlet free.

For sale by all dealers.

Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

☞BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

PAYSON'S INDELIBLE INK.
No preparation and only a common pen needed. Established **50 Years.** Superior and popular for decorative work on linen. Rec'd Centennial **Medal** & **Diploma.** Sold everywhere.



CHAMPION
BASE BALL
BADGE,

Nickel-Plated, each 10 cts., 3 for 25 cts., 9 for 50 cts., 1 doz. 60 cts.

Base Ball Caps and Belts, each 10 cts., 15 cts., and 25 cts.; per doz., 60 cts., $1 50, and $2 50.

Catcher's Gloves, 25 cts. and 50 cts. per pair.

All the above sent by mail, postage paid. For a complete list of all our goods, send for 1886 Catalogue, 320 large pages, 5,000 illustrations, covers printed in 15 different colors, sent by mail, 25cts. (stamps taken).

PECK & SNYDER,
126-130 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Cut full size—exact.
Mention OUR YOUTH.

BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE
Of any kind, send stamp to **A. W. GUMP, Dayton, Ohio,** for large Illustrated Price List of NEW and SECOND-HAND MACHINES. Second-hand BICYCLES taken in exchange.
BICYCLES Repaired and Nickel Plated.

PHOTO OUTFITS, $14 00.
Complete with all accessories.
Specimen Picture of N. Y. and Brooklyn Bridge, and our Illustrated Catalogue, for 25 cts.
LOEBER BROS., 119 & 121 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY

GOOD NEWS
TO LADIES.

Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

In ordering goods, or in making inquiry concerning any thing advertised in this paper, you will oblige the publishers, as well as the advertiser, by stating that you saw the advertisement in OUR YOUTH.

Moores Pilules, positive cure for CHILLS never fails. Dr. C.C. Moore, N.Y. City

KENDALL Orleans, N Y

Rev H C Millman

OUR YOUTH—Special Offer.

We will send OUR YOUTH to any person who will send us his or her name and address and FIFTY CENTS, from June 1 to December 1, 1886. Further, any person who will send us the names and addresses of ten new subscribers for OUR YOUTH under the above special offer, with FIVE DOLLARS, will receive an extra copy of the paper for the same time, free of charge. This subscription will cover all of the numbers of OUR YOUTH containing the new serial story, "NO," by Rose Terry Cooke, author of "Happy Dodd," etc. For sample copies and terms to agents or clubs, address

PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers, 805 Broadway, New York.